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Tiger Lily

The Garden flutters
With gossip-talk.
Larkspur mutters
To Hollyhock.

Roses primly
In borders shrink,
While Pansy grimly
Nudges the Pink.

"Hussy!" the frilly
Petunias cry,
For Tiger Lily
Is passing by.

With chatter feline
Their voices shrill.
But bees make a bee-line
Straight to Lil.

Flower Girls

Painting by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

Made His Mansion Into a *Bird Cage*

IF WORKMEN who screened even the tiniest openings in the great mansion of Zuera Tardienta, which dominates the Mexican landscape near the village of Compostela, thought their orders were a little odd, the shock they got from seeing florists planting honeysuckle vines in the library made them gasp.

"Caramba!" ejaculated the head carpenter, "first we are told to put fine-meshed screens on the door transoms and over the fireplace openings. That was strange enough. But who ever heard of a man turning the inside of his house into a growing garden?"

The unusual goings-on in the big Tardienta house that day made other employes eye the owner askance. But as for Tardienta himself, the wealthy man was expressionless as he ordered tons of rich black dirt carted through the doors and dumped into the rooms.

Elaborate equipment at the same time was being installed by bewildered electricians. Huge artificial sun lamps, scores of them, were taken from boxes and set in the soil of every room of the house.

The electricians, who had been laughing at their queer job, checked their mirth abruptly on seeing Tardienta coming down the main hall at the head of a procession of peons. Each laborer carried cages filled with screaming and chattering birds.

Tardienta spoke to the feathered creatures soothingly.

"Easy now, my friends," he said. "You will soon be all right. I have prepared your rooms with the greatest care. Here you will be welcome guests and live with me for the remainder of your lives."

When the Amazed Authorities Burst Into the Castle They Found the Owner Dead in Bed With His Eyes Picked Out by a Couple of His Ungrateful Guests. Most of the Other Inmates Were Beyond Help.

To the astonishment of the workmen, the birds in the first cage quieted down immediately, and Tardienta went on to the next one and the next, caressing the creatures verbally in low, sugary tones until all had subsided and perched contentedly on crowded bars.

That was enough for the workmen. They deserted the house in a hurry, rushed to Compostela and told the police of their experiences.

"Senor Jefe," asserted one electrician, "Tardienta has thousands of feathered creatures of all kinds in these cages—humming birds, blue birds, parrots, black birds and crows."

The Chief, after questioning all of the men, made a note of the whole queer business.

"But," he said to members of his force, "I don't see why a man can't have enough dirt in his house to plough if he wants to. Until I have something proved specifically wrong up there, I'm not butting in."

However, a few weeks later, the "something specific" came with startling suddenness. A breathless neighbor of Tardienta arrived at headquarters.

"Something terrible is happening up in the mansion," he panted. "Better go there in a hurry."

The astonishment of the police on arriving at the Tardienta home was shown in their formal report.

"Tardienta," the report stated, "had expected to retire for life with his beloved birds and had stored tons of food in the basement.

"The disturbance which caused his neighbor to notify us was the loud screechings of the birds. Tardienta, himself, had been dead of natural causes for nearly three weeks. The sun lamps had gone out, the plants had died, the birds were starving.

"Strangely the autopsy showed that Tardienta's eye sockets were empty. That may be why two black birds that were perched over his bed were in such good condition. You know what some people say about black birds. Well, they had picked out his eyes."

Queer People—*They Worship Pain*

FOR the second time in half a century, a physician and a dentist, armed with vaccines, forceps and novocaine soon will head a "medical invasion" of the "Imperio de Pena"—South America's "Empire of Pain"—where more than 6,000 natives worship physical suffering.

The last group of doctors who set out to convert the aborigines of Colombia's dread Rio Negro country, were tortured to death in 1893 when they provoked pagan gods by curing a powerful chieftain's headache with a sedative.

Goitered, tubercular people, inflicted with abscessed teeth and wracked with pain from birth, the natives regard any surcease from agony as a supernatural sign that they have sinned.

Bowing down in wild ceremonies before inflated goats' bladders mounted on high poles, the worshippers regard these globular, bobbing skins as representative of the universal goitre and sacred symbols of anguished deity. Frenzied by permanent pain, the sufferers cultivate an "elation of despair." All healthy relatives are driven into exile and those without goitres are shunned.

These are psychopathic, twisted people of the jungle whom Dr. Alocen Bierzo, a Mitu medical missionary, and Dr. Jucar Caraceinallo, of the San Carlos Dental Clinic, will try to win over to normalcy by literally preaching a doctrine of science.

If they return alive it will be the first time in history that white healers have escaped the wrath of outraged pain zealots.

The shredded bodies of three physicians who dared brave the fetish of the goat bladder and challenge the sanctity of disease on the other medical expedition 50 years ago, were discovered by jungleers on the fringe of the "Imperio de Pena" frontier.

Dr. Bierzo and his companion are fully aware of the history of the strange tribe and the terrible fate of their predecessors.

"However, we know that some ideas of medical progress have taken hold of those people in half a century," said Dr. Caraceinallo. "Our hope is to break down their ancient superstitions."

This Fishmonger Had Come Across Some Weird Things Inside the Denizens of the Deep But He'd Never Found a Book Before.

This Fish Published A Book

FISH will eat anything—but perhaps the all-time swallowing record (excluding, of course, the gastronomical feat of the whale that gobbled Jonah) goes to a codfish which, on being cut open in a Cambridge, England, market was found to have nestled in its stomach a book wrapped in a piece of water-resistant sail-cloth.

The volume which the surprised fishmonger removed turned out to be a valuable treatise on religion written by John Firth, who was put to death in 1553 because he was a fiery campaigner for church reforms.

Cambridge authorities heard about the startling find and immediately took steps to republish the rare book. On the frontispiece the publisher printed a woodcut, much in the style of a coat-of-arms, which pictured a market stall, a book, a fish, and a knife. The new book was given the Latin title of Vox Piscis—meaning the "Voice of the Fish."

Frenzied by Permanent Pain, These Anguished Individuals Go In for Wild Ceremonials in Which They Worship Blown Up Goats' Bladders.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Helen Brooks, St. Louis, Mo.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a St. Louis skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was fresher, smoother, finer-textured! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, can look for these Beauty Results in only 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"I just sailed through my wash with Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"

"New, sudsier than-ever Super Suds sure gets the dirt out fast and easy," says Mrs. Mary McGrath

"IF ANYBODY was to tell me six months ago that I'd be gettin' through my wash as fast as I do today . . . well, I would have said they were talkin' through their hat! But now I'm usin' new, sudsier Super Suds, and honest, I *never* saw dirt give in like it does to ALL THOSE EXTRA SUDS! They're LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, too, so I use less soap for dishes and wash. In other words, I get MORE WASHINGS PER BOX out of Super Suds. That's a real saving on soap and money!"

"NOTHIN' MUCH TO THESE SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP. THIN AND LIFELESS, AND THEY DIDN'T LAST!"
"LARGE UNDISSOLVED PIECES, TOO. CAN'T BE MAKIN' SUDS, AND A TERROR FOR STICKIN' TO CLOTHES!"
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"MY LAND, I JUST GASPED AT ALL THE RICH SUDS I GOT FROM NEW SUPER SUDS! THEY LASTED AND LASTED!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED PIECES HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS ... THAT MEANS A GOAP SAVING."

"My three make plenty of wash. Vincent is nine; Mary, seven; and Gerard, five; and they're plenty hard on sheets, towels, pillowcases! But these things get extra white washed with new Super Suds."

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

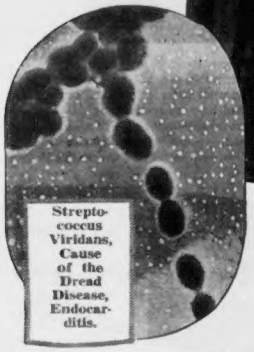
Make the "milk-bottle suds test"—Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get *more suds, longer-lasting suds,* from Super Suds.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Vital war materials are used in making soap

The Dramatic Race to Get Enough Penicillin

Chemists Strive Against Time to Provide Gigantic Doses Needed by Helpless Victims of Deadly Endocarditis

Even Now Doctors Are Helpless Before Endocarditis, for 1,000,000-Unit Doses Are Required to Save One Doomed Sufferer, Enough to Cure Ten or Twenty Pneumonia Victims.



Streptococcus Viridans, Cause of the Dread Disease, Endocarditis.

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

WITH the lives of thousands of human beings at stake, American chemists are engaged today in a strange and dramatic race.

The goal is to start mass production of penicillin, new potent germ-killing drug made from mold, in time to save the lives of many persons who cannot now obtain it.

The best brains of American chemistry, plus $20,000,000, and the resources of 19 great chemical companies are in this race of mercy.

Helpless on the sidelines, mutely praying, are sufferers of some of man's most deadly, baffling maladies.

No unfortunate group of sick persons stands more to gain by mass production of penicillin than those victims of bacterial endocarditis; dread, almost-always-fatal disease that attacks the heart of so many human sufferers.

In bacterial endocarditis germs known as streptococcus viridans attack the valves of the heart.

Before penicillin, doctors did what they could for this condition. Complete rest and a few remedies . . . there was little they could do for acute cases.

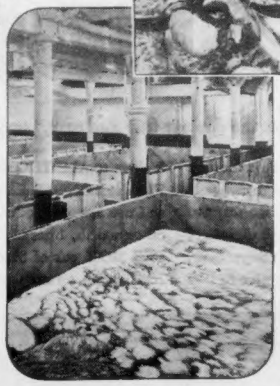
But recent discoveries have established that penicillin can strike dramatically against this fatal ill.

Dr. Leo Loewe and his associates at Brooklyn Jewish Hospital have treated 10 "hopeless" cases of bacterial endocarditis with penicillin.*

Eight of the patients are now germ-free of the streptococcus viridans.

The Brooklyn doctors, in their cautious medical way, claim this is no "cure." But for the eight patients, penicillin has been a miracle drug.

The trouble with the treatment—and here is where the race with death comes in—is that huge quantities of penicillin must be used. And there just isn't enough penicillin.



Growing Penicillin Mold the Old-Fashioned Way in Small Flasks (Above) Will Give Way to Large-Scale "Crops" Soon to Be Raised in 10,000-Gallon Vats.

For a single case of subacute bacterial endocarditis from 1,000,000 to 8,000,000 units of penicillin must be employed, says Dr. Loewe. In contrast, doctors can conquer a case of pneumonia with only 100,000 units. Or they can whip a serious case of staphylococcus infections with only 30,000 to 50,000 penicillin units.

Doctors are thus faced with the dilemma of risking ten pneumonia patients for every case in which they use penicillin for bacterial endocarditis. Or they risk from 20 to 30 cases of osteomyelitis by the same decision.

Instead of putting the civilian coordinator of penicillin, Dr. Chester Keefer of Boston, on the spot in making such decisions the simplest way would be to increase production.

Since two months is about the limit for patients suffering from acute bacterial endocarditis, can production be increased quickly enough to save victims who now have the disease?

Everything hinges on the next few months. Rush production is already under way. And according to an announcement in the authoritative American Medical Journal, enough penicillin for civilian, as well as military, needs should be available by June.

Three major methods are used for making penicillin.

The first, already being used, is to grow the mold of penicillin in small one-liter bottles where the mold grows on the surface of the liquid. The bottle method alone has produced penicillin up to the present time.

Scientists at Stanford University have discovered, however, that penicillin can be produced in tall towers in a manner already used in producing "quick" vinegar.

In the quick process of making vinegar a tall cylinder is filled with wood shavings. A culture of the bacteria that makes acetic acid is "planted" on the shavings. Cider or wine are then trickled down the tower. Vinegar comes off in quantity at the bottom of the column.

Prof. C. E. Clifton of Stanford has adapted this technique for the production of penicillin. The shavings are moistened with a solution of 4% glucose (sugar) and 0.1% yeast extract. This food is planted with the spores of the penicillin mold. Nutrient solution for the mold is then trickled down the tower.

The mold digests the liquid diet. Out of the bottom of the cylinder comes a solution rich in penicillin.

But the biggest method, and the one expected to yield vast production of penicillin, is the vat method. Here the mold is grown in great tanks, up to 10,000 gallons in capacity.

Government WPB contracts have been let to obtain large-scale production by the vat method.

While this $20,000,000 production program is going on, independent research seeks still more production.

Great efforts are being made to find a strain of the penicillin mold which will give an even greater yield of the drug, or perhaps produce still some other chemical which will be as good or better.

Intensive research is under way, but at the end of 1943, the original mold used by Prof. Alexander Fleming in England in 1929 still was the best penicillin producer. This mold is called Penicillium notatum.

When mass production of penicillin is under way the cost will drop greatly. Formerly the price for treatment was about $20 for a million units. Already the cost is down to $8 for a million units.

The real drop will come when chemists synthesize the drug, and create it from chemicals in the laboratory as they now produce the sulfa drugs.

This is the ultimate goal. Using a mold to produce penicillin is merely a stopgap, for it utilizes a most delicate form of plant life as an intermediate chemical factory.

There are rumors, but no authentic announcements, that the synthesis of penicillin is on the way. Stories are making the rounds that the structure of penicillin has already been determined. If true, this is a sure step on the path of man-made penicillin.

When the synthesis of penicillin is achieved it will probably make obsolete the $20,000,000 plant installations now being rushed.

Heart Walls (A) Pump Endocarditis Germs in Blood Stream (B) Into Ventricle (C) Infecting Valves (D) Where Clot Forms and Passes Through Aorta (E) to Brain.

The Hon. Christabel Russell, Who Couldn't Outwit Fate, Even When the Seeress' Crystal Showed the Ending of the Unlucky Words.

Christabel's Son, the Hon. Geoffrey Russell, at the Time When He Became World Famous as England's "Dream Baby."

Unhappy Mrs. Russell's Ill-Omened "ITZ"

Those 3 Little Letters Have Tripped Her Up, Just as the Seeress, Who Predicted Her "Dream Baby," Said They Would

Keystone View Co. Photo

By PATRICK MAHONY

"BEWARE of words ending in —itz," said the fortune-teller, gazing into her crystal.

"Such as what?" demanded the Hon. Christabel Russell, ex-wife of Lord Ampthill, one of England's foremost peers.

"I can see no more, Madam. Only that: beware of words ending in—itz. The crystal is not clear."

Christabel's mind wasn't clear, either, but she had perfect faith in the seeress.

Not to have had would have been folly, after the miraculous way in which it appeared that her past predictions had been confirmed.

It was 19 years ago that her supersensory talents had first been revealed to the Hon. Christabel Russell. At that time, flying in the face of probability, she had prophesied the birth of Christabel's son, Geoffrey, who became known far and wide as "England's Dream Baby."

And it was she again whose counsel had later sustained the mother through the fantastic lawsuits which resulted in a favorable ruling on Geoffrey's legitimacy by the House of Lords.

Thanks to that august tribunal, Geoffrey became the recognized heir of Lord Ampthill.

Moreover, as such, he was a cousin of the Duke of Bedford and stood a good chance of one day coming into the dukedom, since there was no one in his generation in the direct line of succession.

Christabel herself meanwhile had the satisfaction of divorcing Geoffrey's father, who had tried bitterly and unsuccessfully to divorce her, and was at the moment doing very well as the popular proprietor of a fashionable Mayfair dress shop.

Keystone View Co. Photo

The Hon. John Hugo Russell, Christabel's Ex-Husband, With His Late Parents, Lord and Lady Ampthill, Who Couldn't Stomach the Dream Theory.

All this good fortune she felt she owed to the fortune-teller.

So, without knowing the meaning of the latter's latest admonition—which was delivered early in the year 1939—or, for that matter, whether itz should be spelled with a z or an s, she nevertheless leaned over backward to respect it.

She shunned the Ritz, never took a sitz bath and avoided fits of temper, wits, nit-wits and concerts by Horowitz.

Then came the war and with it two brand-new words ending in —itz: Spitz (English slang for a Spitfire plane) and blitz.

And just as the fortune-teller had foreseen, these words, combining with the already suspect Ritz, have by now dealt Christabel three of the worst blows of her career.

First, the young man whom she was intending to marry—he cannot be further identified at this time—was killed in a Spitz.

Next, her dress shop was destroyed in the blitz.

Last, and perhaps cruelest of all, Geoffrey was a little while ago done out of such chance as he had of inheriting the dukedom of Bedford by the birth of a son to the duke's immediate heir, Lord Tavistock.

The baby was born in the Ritz.

The circumstances of Geoffrey's own birth, those circumstances first involving the fortune-teller in Christabel's unlikely life, were without doubt the weirdest that have ever formed the subject of a divorce suit.

At the time of her marriage to the Hon. John Hugo Russell, now Lord Ampthill, she had insisted on a platonic relationship.

John Hugo agreed, though with the greatest reluctance, for he was madly in love with her, and besides the chief ornament of his family crest is a goat.

So far as he was aware the hard bargain was never broken.

Returning from a long spell at sea, fighting with His Majesty's Navy in World War I, what was his surprise, then, to find that his wife had had a baby!

Christabel admitted that she had been a little surprised herself. Her fortune-teller, she said, had first tipped her off, and later, on consulting a doctor, the approach of a blessed event had been confirmed.

"But how could it possibly have happened?" asked the bewildered husband, and in response Christabel came up with an explanation destined to become a widely-quoted classic.

It appeared that John Hugo was a somnambulist. One night, he must have strolled somnambulistically into her boudoir, and before either of them knew what was happening—in fact, Christabel claimed, while both were sound asleep—little Geoffrey had been conceived.

"But I've been away steadily for ten months!" protested John Hugo.

"I know, dear, it all seems very strange, but the doctors say it isn't impossible."

Such was his infatuation that the husband was at first inclined to let the matter pass without further question. But not his family!

They had no trouble in arriving at a simpler explanation for little Geoffrey, and at length the case turned into a divorce suit, with John Hugo as the plaintiff.

After it had played sensationally in the lower courts for some months, a verdict was entered in his favor. Then the whole thing went to the Lords on appeal.

Pointing out that the highest court, in a somewhat similar case 150 years before, had decided that "the declaration of a father or a mother cannot be admitted to cast doubt upon the issue born after marriage," they reversed the verdict, leaving the battling couple still husband and wife.

Christabel thereupon returned to the lower court and got her own divorce, after which John Hugo married Sibell Lumley, whose middle name, symbolically enough, is Faithfull.

His first wife retaliated by using her experiences as the basis of a movie, in which she foresaw her meeting with a man described as "the echo of a dream unfulfilled."

In the light of recent events, it would seem that that lush phrase has come home to roost.

Priceless Birds of Paradise, Tiny Living Jewels No Bigger Than Jays, Have Brilliantly Colored Plumes Sometimes Over Six Feet Long.

A Spear Sailed Through the Doorway. Then the Savages, Hideous in Paint and Ochre, Were On Us With a Rush and I Knew That Our Time or Theirs Had Come.

WHEN the U. S. Marines stormed Guadalcanal, Tarawa and the other South Sea stepping stones, many of us thought that violence and death was something extraordinary for those "earthly paradises." Actually, it was only one more red page in their stormy history.

The American Weekly herewith presents the fourth of a series of salty tales about these Pacific isles, so badly misnamed, the sagas of men who defied cannibals in search of fame and fortune—and found tragedy instead.

Probably no one knows better than the author, Cap'n Gustaf Johnson, real old-time "South Seas Skipper," that The South Seas Were NEVER Calm.

By CAP'N GUSTAF JOHNSON

No. 4—Paradise Plumes and Long Pig

I WOULDN'T like to be a Jap up there in New Guinea. Those retreating "lords of creation" are mixed up with people who can give them cards and spades in torture and butchery.

The bushmen worship devils, carry poisoned arrows, chew betel 'til their teeth are black, and drink a mixture that is prepared by their marys (women), that drives them to slaughter.

Madang, the spot our boys took not so long ago, was called Friedrich-Wilmhelmshaven, headquarters for the German New Guinea Company.

I anchored in Astrolabe Bay, south of Madang, and loaded copra and bags of beche de mer. We were ready to leave when the chief with whom I'd been trading showed me a fine bird of paradise skin. He said there were more inland.

I'd met a fellow in Rabaul who offered me big money for birds of paradise. He wanted "magnificents," "emeralds" and "kingbirds."

So we put the Malita into Madang and left a skeleton crew aboard under my bos'un. Then Potter, my mate, and I, with three Solomon Island men from the crew, went inland.

We went up the Minjem River in a narrow canoe and left the river about ten miles inland, and struck off through a narrow trail.

By nightfall we heard the thump of garamuts; great, man-high drums the bushmen dance to and kill to whenever they get the chance.

Our boys made shelters and we took watches during the night. Those drums banged until morning and we heard yells and screeches. We decided to give that village a wide berth.

By noon, next day, we were climbing through dense forest. Leeches drank us dry and there were tiny, biting flies that tortured us. In one stream we crossed, a twenty-foot alligator charged us. But I turned him with a bullet. We camped on a high spot of ground.

Next morning I heard the peculiar kroik, kroik, kroik of paradise birds. But it was afternoon before the boys returned and told us of a great bare cottonwood up the hill.

"Plenty bird there," they said.

We struggled through the brush to the tree. Far overhead in the sheltered branches were dozens of jewel-like birds, their lovely feathers spread like magic carpets.

Potter's shot brought down a beautiful "magnificent." It was no bigger than a jay. The body color was golden brown, changing to deep crimson on the head and back. The breast was golden green and iridescent. Long skirt feathers were blue as the sky and lemon yellow and spotted orange feathers made a triple ruff about its neck. From the tail two six-foot streamers grew and they were lemon green.

But the shot had torn the skin in several places.

"Bush feller kill with small, no-point arrow," offered one of the Solomon men.

We decided to hunt with bows and arrows the next day, and turned in early.

It must have been near midnight when Potter awakened me.

"Garamuts," he whispered. "Must be a village near. D'you think they heard our guns?"

The drumming was distant and we fell asleep.

I was awakened by blood-curdling yells. I jumped up but was sent flying against the great tree. Then I saw savages, greasy, mud-daubed brutes in dog-tooth necklaces and with bones through their noses. They were thrusting long spears at the Solomon men. Our boys were fighting desperately. Then a bamboo knife sliced one half way through the neck and he fell. A screeching cannibal clubbed Potter. Something crashed on my head and I went out like a light.

Next thing I knew I was being carried on men's shoulders slung to a pole. Beside me swung Potter, bleeding, trussed like a pig—long pig!

This New Guinea Cannibal Dandy Wears Bamboo Plates in His Nostrils to Scare the Daylights Out of His Enemies.

Then dozens of naked savages came ganging down the path. They shoved at us, slapping and digging, as they carried us to a native village of dripping palm shelters and a tall-roofed "speak house" over the door of which hung several skulls.

We were dropped on the ground and I saw the headless bodies of our Solomon men and beside me the cursing Potter.

Women were feeding an enormous fire over a trench filled with stones. Children crowded about us, shoving sticks at us. One little boy tried to dig my tongue out with a fire-hardened stick until his mother dragged him away.

Then the lulual (chief) came over, a fat, ugly wretch with bone through his nostrils. His hair was stiff with clay and dressed in a

The South Seas Were NEVER Calm

The New Guinea War Dances Are Usually Orgies of Cannibalism and Drunkenness. Men and Women Regard the Taking of a Human Head as Proof of Manhood and the Eating of "Long Pig" as the Natural End of Battle.

color and smiling, hefty, quick with his hands.

Inside the little hut was clean as a whistle with a low table and stools.

"Too much trouble," Kee said. "They kai-kai Solomon man, dlink. Bimeby they killee you."

"Listen, Kee, how long will it take to get German troops up here?"

"No got," Kee gasped. "No savvy Germani!"

"Oh, ho," Potter said. "What you bin up to?"

"Germani flog me too much. Me, I coolie. They take me from Java-side bling me here. They takee me, mary b'long me and piccin. Bimeby Germani man takee mary, flog me too much. So I killee mary, take piccin, go bush."

"How long behind you do this?"

"Seven Chlistmas."

"Seven years? How d'you figure on gettin' out?"

"I no like," said Kee, uneasily. "Bimeby, I take piccin, go."

"Hear talk," I said. "S'pose you help us, we take you go other place."

"You got s'ip?"

"Sure, schooner."

"Can do," Kee said.

We crouched in the darkness, listening to the yells and drums.

It seemed that in escaping from the coast Kee had stumbled upon the village after a particularly bad bout of drinking and cannibalism. The chief was having the horrors and the rest were too scared to do anything to the small Chinese. He told them he was a devil doctor and gave the chief enough opium to quiet him. Then, later, Kee did Chinese conjuring tricks to show them how clever he was.

"Me, I fright them too much," he told me. "But this time they too cranky. They takee white men. White head big tamaran."

"They ain't going to hurt Mary," Potter growled.

And darned if he wasn't holding her hand.

We peered along the village street. They were already staggering in a sort of line, shaking their ten-foot spears and slashing with murderous bamboo knives at the posts on which stood the heads of our Solomon men.

By midnight they started raking the fire and leaves from the cooking stones. Then they rolled the headless bodies onto the stones.

Potter clung to Mary's hand and Kee was spitting like a cat.

Great men lurched about the fires, growling like animals and slashing with their knives at the shadows. Women, naked as beasts, sprawled.

Kee had disappeared—and we knew an attack was imminent.

Something was scratching at the palm leaf wall.

A rifle poked through.

"Grabim, quick-quick," came a voice, and Kee's yellow face appeared behind the rifle. He had our revolvers, too.

"Good."

We loaded and stood ready.

Then a spear sailed through the doorway.

"Wait," Kee yelled and fired at them.

I saw one fall and killed the other, cursing Kee for a fool.

"You'll have them all here."

"No got," he said. "Alla man sleep too much. Put plenty opium in dlink. All finish. More better we go bush."

We stepped outside and went towards the speak house.

Kee ducked into the speak house and came out dragging a mat-wrapped bale.

Daytime caught us a few miles from the village and we holed up in the bush.

"They search us," Kee chattered.

All day we heard them, but they never came close. At night we went on.

By the time we managed to scare a native into taking us to the coast we were all pretty far gone. We left Kee and Mary in a native hut while we went to get the Malita. I took the opportunity of reporting that cannibal village to a German official.

The paunchy, scrub-headed Heinie scowled at me.

"Zo, you go inlandt, you make drouble, you gome gomplain. You lose men, your own fault. You traders is all the zame. You sell gin, guns and gomplain when the bushmen attack you."

We went down the bay and picked up Kee and Mary. Then we pulled to sea.

It wasn't until we were clear that Kee opened that bale he'd toted from the speak house.

It contained fifty paradise skins, perfect they were, each one a sheet of colored jewels. He had "emeralds," "magnificents" and some "reds."

I sold them to a trader in Rabaul and divided the profit three ways, Kee, Potter and myself.

Potter looked a bit funny when he got his.

"I got a bit of an island up in the Gilberts," he told me. "Thought I'd go up there and work copra, settle down, like."

Mary was looking at him like a spaniel.

"O.K., I'm going up there, I'll drop you off."

"Thought I'd take Kee and Mary along," he mumbled. "I need an overseer, you see, and—"

"I see," I told him.

I missed them, all three, but I traded a lot in the Gilberts and saw them every trip. Three of the happiest folk I ever knew.

Next week Cap'n Johnson tells the story of "Beachcombers in Eden."

These Shock-Headed "Marys" Fraternizing With U. S. Soldiers Are Little Removed From the Blood-Smeared Headhunters of the Interior as Many Jap Stragglers Have Found to Their Cost.

fez-like shape at the back of his elongated head.

"Hey you feller, Luluai," I said trying to keep my voice calm, "cast off this tie-tie."

"Shut mout," growled the chief, smoking MY pipe.

"Govina catch you bime-by," I told him.

"Bime-by me fellow kai-kai head b'long you."

Suddenly there was a bobbery at the end of the village. A shrill volley of bad language came and the chief dropped his spear.

Then one of the strangest sights I ever saw appeared. A tiny Chinese bounced into the shelter where we were, arms waving, and chattering like an angry magpie.

"What name?" shrieked the Chinese. "What name you bushman kai-kai man? You catch dim-dim, tie him allee same pig. You kai-kai white man I killee you." We were untied quickly.

While we stood up rubbing our aches and pains he went around that chief like a bantam pecking at a turkey cock.

"He no kai-kai you now," said the Chinese. "More better you come along house b'long me."

We followed him between the huts to where a larger house of palm and thatch stood in a little compound. A beaten path led to the doorway and in it stood the prettiest little Chinese girl I had ever seen. She was about eighteen.

"Piccin b'long me," said the Chinese proudly. "Name Mary Kee."

"Mary Kee?" gasped Potter.

"Me, Chilstian," said her father with dignity.

Mary stood head down, her black hair like a lacquer cap, but I could see her taking stock of Potter. He was younger than I, with dark hair that waved in a way that women like, fresh

Black Star Photo

Successful Headhunter Dancing to the Tune of Lizard-Skin Drums Whose Clamor Echoes for Miles.

OR

FLAVOR did it!

Chase & Sanborn's new High-Flavor Level brings Biggest Swing in Coffee History!

Finer flavor—and more of it—in every cup of coffee you drink! That's what more and more people began demanding during coffee rationing—and continued to demand after rationing ended.

That's *why* Chase & Sanborn has gained more new friends in the past year than any other coffee. For today's blend is at the new High-Flavor Level . . . one of the most enjoyable in our 80 years of experience. Try it—see why the biggest swing in coffee history—is to Chase & Sanborn!

"In today's big food news, BREAD COMES *First"*

All food is important these days—*better* food is headline news. So note this:

No food has ever been improved so much so quickly as bread has been in the past two years!

And that doesn't mean *special* breads only. It means all of the fine, baker's enriched white bread that everyone can buy—and nearly all do! As the panel shows, *both* Vitamin B_1 *and* Vitamin B_2 or riboflavin—which has been called *essential* to good nutrition—are contained in every loaf.

No wonder bread is featured in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups in the government's nutrition program. On cost—on availability—on goodness—on usefulness—on solid nutritional value, bread *tops the list* of foods to count on these days!

Get plenty, use plenty—in every meal of every day!

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY
BREAD IS BASIC
P.S.- MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD?
JUST LISTEN!
Made to standards approved by the U.S. Government, every loaf of enriched, white, baker's bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:
VITAMIN B1—helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.
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NIACIN—an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.
IRON—helps build good, rich blood.
PROTEIN—helps build tissue and promote growth.
CARBOHYDRATES—supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.
These standards have been assured for all baker's white bread through the joint efforts of the U.S. Government and the baking industry in the past two years.

YOU Can Criticize the Movie Gals —But Their HUSBANDS Can't

Deanna Durbin, Queen of the Lot to Everyone but Her Husband.

Poor Joan Blondell Had to Divorce Her Cameraman Husband Because He Preferred to Read a Book Rather Than Watch Her Spread Charm.

By
JOHN U. STURDEVANT
Motion Picture Editor

A YOUNG woman made this startling complaint to a California judge the other day: her husband criticized her. He didn't jeer at her hats or sneer at her cooking or scoff at her relatives. He criticized, it boiled down to, her singing.

Now, millions of wives and at least several husbands are taunted and censured every day, but don't even try to get divorces.

But this wife was a film star.

So the judge, when he finally managed to believe his horrified ears, gave Deanna Durbin a divorce from Vaughn Paul. You just can't do that kind of thing to a film star, if you're her husband.

Mr. Paul, of course, might have pointed out to the judge that plenty of people besides himself are critical of Deanna Durbin's singing — some of them make a living being critical, the others make HER living. Two of her rivals, Susanna Foster and Kathryn Grayson, he could have proved, are getting better notices from the professional critics than Deanna has been getting.

Miriam Hopkins Married a Playwright and Then a Producer — and Each Made Suggestions About Her Work.

But it wouldn't have helped him. Vaughn was neither film critic nor film public; he was only a film star's spouse. (And anyhow, he wasn't in court, but off somewhere, or other, fighting for his country as a navy lieutenant.)

It must have been a shock to Deanna, at that, to have anybody criticize her. For eight years now she has been the acknowledged queen of Universal City. She came on its lot when she was a lass of 13, fresh and smiling, and in no time at all she had given Universal a big boost.

And in most of those years the only voices that challenged hers belonged to grown women — Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald. The combination of youth and voice was unique. She was valuable property.

As such, those who profited kept her strictly under control — through poor judgment, too strictly, it seems. She was allowed almost no liberty—the studio and home were the only places she could go.

Meanwhile, like any girl, she was growing to womanhood and she was dreaming about the valiant knight who would appear and rescue her from the bondage of fame.

When he did appear, he was disguised as an honest peasant lad. He, Vaughn Paul, wasn't a poor peasant lad because his father, Val Paul, was a Universal producer and pretty much the boss of Deanna's finances. But in feudal Hollywood he surely was a peasant. He hadn't appeared in a single film. He hadn't even made one.

That was all right with Deanna, though. It was all right with Vaughn's father, too, so there was a marriage, in typically Hollywood style, with only 5,900 Durbin fans admitted.

Now Vaughn, as a film star's husband, was pretty much in the position of Prince Consort, or royal stooge, like Queen Victoria's Prince Consort, Albert. He should have just gone around being Mr. Deanna Durbin.

But like Albert, he had a mind of his own. After they had been married a while Deanna decided that a new and $100,000 love nest was called for, and Vaughn didn't even show up the day they moved. Not only that, he went to a party, stayed away all night and the next day, and, when he did come home, wouldn't tell Deanna where he had been.

He had opinions, too. And they weren't the right ones for a film star's husband to have.

"He criticized my work," Deanna told the judge. "He didn't like my singing in the films or in radio. And he didn't like my classical music. When I got it on the radio he'd turn it off."

Victoria never even thought of giving Albert the bounce for his opinions, but then she was just an English queen.

There was only one thing for a Hollywood queen to do, and, as stated, the other day Deanna did it.

Despite the "best friend and severest critic" definition of helpmeet, it is a fact that many stars take criticism from anybody except those they marry.

Marion Talley, grand opera star, for example, married a voice coach. He made her life miserable — not only by criticism but by offering helpful suggestions free that she had paid big money to get before her marriage.

Austen Parker, the playwright, made the same mistake when he tried to help his wife, Miriam Hopkins. She resented his suggestions right into the divorce court. After that she married the producer, Anatole Litvak, and he made suggestions with like result.

Probably the most cruel and unusual criticism, causing the most grievous mental anguish for plaintiff and judge, consists in not criticizing. That was the trouble Joan Blondell had with her first husband, George Barnes, movie cameraman.

Mr. Barnes was used to seeing movie actresses through his lens and they were no treat to him through the naked eye. So Miss Blondell had to tell the judge: "He treated me with indifference. Sometimes he refused to talk to me for hours at a time. He also liked to do solo reading in the presence of guests."

An actress can stand indifference from an audience or she wouldn't be an actress. (Also she can blame it on the playwright.) But certainly she cannot be asked to tolerate a person who opens up a book while she is being irresistible to the rest of her audience. So George ceased to be Mr. Blondell, and Joan married Dick Powell. And now, according to latest reports, Joan and Dick have reached the parting of the ways.

Indifference was also the reason given for Joan Crawford's divorce from Franchot Tone. He was accused of being worse than Mr. Barnes; he went into silences that lasted days.

Returning to Deanna, wouldn't it be interesting if she married a movie critic? Professionally he would be licensed to criticize her, like you or me. But as a husband—would Deanna and the law allow it?

Mr. Newton's Lucky Life Sentence

Convicted of Killing a Policeman, Claude Newton Was Sentenced to a Life Term.

At Oklahoma State Penitentiary, Newton Financed Other Convicts in the Curios Business.

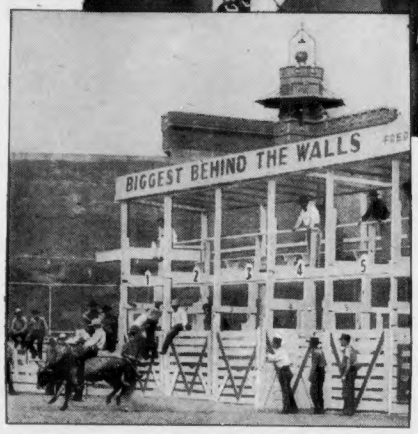
After 4 Years, He Left With $25,000, Which an Income Tax Collector Eyed With Suspicion.

The Prison Success Man, With Part of His Profits.

FOUR years ago Claude C. Newton was in the most hopeless hole anyone could imagine, serving a life sentence in the State Penitentiary at McAlester, Oklahoma, for murdering a policeman—not only a reprehensible, but an incautious type of crime, for a cop-killer usually has less than the proverbial "Chinaman's chance" with parole boards.

Newton had seemingly used up even that slim chance, having gotten a parole after 15 years in prison, and broken it, with the result that he was sent back to stay for life and no more fooling.

Yet today Newton, an ex-preacher, is out on a second parole. What is more remarkable, he emerges as the owner of a going and profitable business, which he founded in prison, and conducted so efficiently that he starts life anew with a capital of $25,000—representing accumulated profits of his last four years behind prison bars.



Inside the State Penitentiary at McAlester, Oklahoma, Where Claude Got His Lucky Business Break, Prisoners Stage a Yearly Rodeo.

Of course, the hero of this strangest success story enjoyed certain advantages over his competitors in the outside world. He had no labor problems, for instance, no rent, no social security deductions, no price ceilings. He didn't even have to pay any income tax until after his release, when Uncle Sam learned about his happy adventure in unfree enterprise, and ordered him to pay up.

Four years ago, when Claude laid his big idea before Warden Fred Hunt, there was a considerable amount of gainful work being done by the inmates, manufacturing souvenirs. But their work lacked system and direction.

For instance, a prisoner was turning out really beautiful hand-tooled wallets, but unfortunately the artist was a pickpocket and let his art dominate his work. His wallets were so thick as to cause a bulge, visible to a "dip" a block away. Naturally the customers didn't like them and Claude knew that the customer is always right.

There was no sales plan either. Nobody even looked up the credit rating of customers, so the poor convicts were always in danger of being gypped.

Claude saw a big opportunity going to waste, and did something about it.

First, he gave the business a name: "The Arts and Crafts Center." Then, using $120 he had on deposit in the prison bank, he printed letterheads, envelopes and sales letters, some of which gave only a lock-box number and, consequently, didn't apprise all customers that they were dealing with gentlemen incarcerated for violations of the law.

A catalogue was printed in the prison print shop, listing 250 articles that the convicts were skilled in making, such as pocketbooks, smoking stands, hand-carved belts, hope chests, and novelty jewelry.

Claude supplied materials to the workers, paid them for their finished products, and sold at a profit.

Business boomed, and why not?

If the ordinary business man rents a factory he must pay rent. If he owns the factory, then he has to pay interest on the money that built it. Claude's factory was the prison workshop, rent and interest free. Also his power, machinery and tools were supplied gratis and there were no taxes, licenses or fees of any sort. In fact he enjoyed the business man's dream—a business actually without any overhead.

The men could strike for more pay. But they were getting more under Claude's management than on their own and they couldn't switch jobs for more money.

Nor did he have to hoard labor. When orders or material were lacking, he just laid his men off. He knew they'd be right there when business picked up again.

Under such conditions he made money, hand over fist, and knew he would probably die a millionaire. But he would die in prison, without the fun of spending his wealth. So he applied for a pardon to Governor Kerr. It was at first refused. Then Lewis E. Lawes, former warden of Sing Sing, interceded and won him a year's "leave of absence."

But hardly had Claude stepped forth into the cold, outside world than he received a sad blow. The local Federal income tax people demanded his tax for the last four years. Claude thus discovered that you may be pardoned for murder, but not for failing to pay taxes.

However, he paid up, and still had enough capital left, including $5,000 in Victory bonds, to start a souvenir business of his own in Phoenix, Ariz.

If he continues to stay within the law, his year's "leave" likely will be converted into a pardon.

Claude was sentenced to prison for the murder Nov. 2, 1924, of Detective Briggs Chumley, of Oklahoma City. He was convicted only after a bitterly fought trial, in which his lawyers claimed he was the victim of mistaken identity.

The nature of the crime hinted that there was some ground for doubt. Someone had robbed a cafe. Officers Elmer Miller and Chumley questioned a suspect. He seemed unarmed. But when they put away their guns, he pulled one, shooting Miller in the arm and Chumley through the heart. Then he fled.

Later police picked up two men, Claude Newton and "Babe" Welch, both of the same age and as alike as twin brothers.

In the dark, amid the excitement of the shooting, Miller could have been easily confused and the county attorney, after weighing the evidence, decided to file charges against Claude.

It was revealed that 10 days after the murder, a newspaper had received a letter, crudely printed, stating that Welch was innocent and saying that the writer was guilty.

Just before the trial, a pal of Welch's gave the county attorney two more unsigned letters, also crudely printed with the same straight lines as the first message, claiming that Newton was also innocent. The bearer of the letters claimed that Newton had given them to him to be mailed.

Given a life sentence, Newton appealed. When his appeal had been rejected, he sought a parole, offering to take a "truth-serum" test.

Accordingly, Dr. R. E. House of Ferris, Texas, injected into his arm scapolamin, known as the "twilight-sleep" drug. Claude gave the right answers and, in 1931, was paroled.

But he ran afoul of the law again in Kansas, was imprisoned there, and finally was returned to Oklahoma.

Now, 39, he will have to prove whether he is as good a business man outside prison as he was in.

Hand-Tooled Wallets, Part of the Stock That Proved a Gold Mine in Newton's Store.

Rich golden broth and plump egg noodles make Lipton's Noodle Soup taste like homemade!

MOTHER'S ARRIVING TODAY FOR A VISIT, BILL ...MIND?
NOT IF SHE'LL MAKE ME SOME OF HER OLD-FASHIONED NOODLE SOUP!
SAY, MOTHER JONES, THIS NOODLE SOUP OF YOURS TASTES EVEN BETTER THAN I REMEMBER!
I'VE A CONFESSION, BILL! THIS IS LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP — OUT OF AN ENVELOPE!

Just one taste, and your eyes light up like neons! Each Lipton envelope makes 4 to 6 servings of grand, old-time-tasting noodle soup . . . full of rich egg noodles . . . seasoned with onion and parsley! Empty the envelope into 1 quart boiling water . . . simmer 7 minutes . . . dish up! Makes almost 1½ times as much soup as the average can!

ONLY 10¢

Also in thrifty 3-package cartons

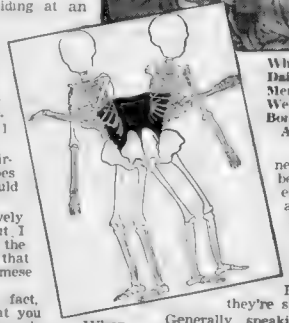
America's Favorite Soup Mix

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP

Made by the Lipton Tea people, whose rich, fragrant Lipton Tea is bought by more Americans than any other brand.

MY OWN NOODLE SOUP TOOK HOURS — BUT LIPTON'S BEAT IT FOR OLD-TIMEY GOODNESS.
IF ALL MOTHERS-IN-LAW WERE LIKE YOU, THE JOKE BOOKS WOULD GO OUT OF BUSINESS!
TRY IT! JUST EMPTY A LIPTON ENVELOPE INTO 1 QUART OF BOILING WATER...COOK 7 MINUTES. MAKES 4 TO 6 SERVINGS!

Left His Siamese Twin Bride Because Three's a Crowd



Wedded Bliss With Blond Daisy Hilton Was Too Much Like a Triple Alliance, So Hubby, Harold Estep (Above), Walked Out on the Honeymoon, and Now Daisy's Giving Him the Gate.

When Violet Married James Moore, Daisy Was Able to Detach Herself Mentally, While They Had a Chummy Wedding Breakfast, But the Physical Bond of Flesh and Cartilage Will Always Keep the Sisters Together.

VIOLET and Daisy Hilton, attractive and vivacious Siamese twins, have been through a lot together.

Being Siamese twins, joined by an indivisible bond of flesh and cartilage, they couldn't very well go through it any other way. Perforce, they have shared poverty, wealth, obscurity, fame, grief, happiness; even their bed and bathtub.

But they ran up against trouble when it came to romance. Under such circumstances, it would appear, two's company, and three's a crowd.

Owing to this sad phenomenon, Daisy has just sued her husband, Harold Estep, a night-club master of ceremonies, for divorce, charging that he deserted her ten days after their marriage.

Estep, now presiding at an Elmira, N. Y., nightclub under his professional name of Buddy Sawyer, doesn't deny that he gave up matrimony while the honeymoon was still young.

But, under the circumstances, he does not think he should be blamed.

"Daisy is a lovely girl," he says, "but I guess I just am not the type of fellow that should marry a Siamese twin.

"As a matter of fact, I am not even what you would call real gregarious. When you work in a nightclub, there are times when you get tired of seeing anybody around—let alone twin brides.

"As far as being a bridegroom under such conditions is concerned, I suppose I am what you might call a hermit."

Daisy filed her divorce suit in Pittsburgh, where she and, naturally, Violet, have their home, and where they appear—inevitably together—in nightclub shows and theatres.

The twins, who have been in the show business since their teens, are accomplished singers and dancers. If they could be separated, they probably would make two first-class vaudeville performers.

They own the hotel in which they live. Good Americans, they appear frequently at canteen shows, and have even donated blood to the Red Cross bank.

Violet is also married—to James Moore, also in the theatrical business. They have been wedded for eight years now, and seem to have found the "three's-a-crowd" problem less insoluble than Daisy and her Buddy. Anyhow, they're still Mr. and Mrs.

Generally speaking, though, the twins can't be said to have experienced a calm romantic life.

Back in 1930, Mrs. Mildred Oliver demanded a divorce from her husband, who had been the twins' manager, accusing them—both of them—of being his sweethearts.

Ten years ago Violet was planning to marry Harry Mason, English welterweight boxer. In 1933, Jack Lewis, Chicago orchestra leader, hoped to wed Daisy.

Then Violet became engaged to Maurice Lambert, band leader. They wanted to marry. But twenty-one States refused the license on the ground that their marriage would be "contrary to morals and public policy."

However, Violet is a determined soul and as soon as she was able to obtain a marriage license she married Mr. Moore. The romance with Mr. Lambert died of frustration.

Many have asked how the bride—and the bridegroom—could enjoy a happy honeymoon, to say nothing of lasting marital life, with a sister who always is present.

"We get rid of each other *mentally*," says Violet. "It is a matter of psychology." To which Daisy adds: "When Maurice was courting Violet, I quit paying attention and didn't know what was going on. Sometimes I read and sometimes I took a nap.

"And when Jimmy — that's Mr. Moore—kisses me good night, as he always does, it's really good night — I just go to sleep."

The twins have to be models of consideration, tolerance and sympathy. For since birth they have had to adjust themselves to each other.

They have special chairs, for they are joined at the spines and must sit almost back to back. They sleep in a large double bed. And if one wants to turn over she must awaken the other and execute an acrobatic "barrel roll," as it is called in wrestling circles.

But frequently one will lie awake for hours, motionless, for fear of disturbing her sleeping sister.

"We never quarrel, except for a few words," they both insist. "We just talk things over until we come to a happy agreement."

The Hilton sisters are by no means the only Siamese twins who have wanted marriage and even made a success of it.

The original Siamese twins, Cheng and Eng, both married American girls, sisters and daughters of a clergyman. They lived in North Carolina and brought up between them 22 normal children, the descendants of whom are still living.

But the wives of Cheng and Eng, though sisters, could not get on together. The twins placed them in separate houses and visited each in turn.

And as they were immovably joined in life, so they died together. They quarrelled violently because Cheng drank heavily and Eng feared it would undermine their health. They did not speak for years. But it was Eng who died first at the age of 67. And the poison from his disease entered the healthy and bibulous veins of his twin and killed him an hour later.

The Hilton sisters, though they have many tastes in common, are quite distinct personalities. Violet is gay, Daisy is grave.

Maybe that explains why Violet's marriage has lasted—and Daisy's is nearing its end.

GREASE

HOW MEN HATE GREASE!

Today . . . old-fashioned, greasy brushless shave is out! For easy shaving—thousands are switching to the new, improved Mennen Brushless Shave . . . because it's a cream, not grease . . . because it's preferred by America's foremost authorities in the care and treatment of skin. It's a fact . . . more dermatologists buy Mennen for their personal use than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined.

When buying shave cream for your own use—get Mennen Brushless . . . the choice of doctors who know what is best for the skin . . . they give you the secret of easy shaving!

A Novel Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
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WHAT! No End

Death and Destruction Followed Helen Everywhere, and Reached Its Peak in the Fall of Troy—But Even Then Dying Men Worshipped Her As She Walked the Ramparts of the Stricken City.

Culver Service

Max Reinhardt and Michel Fokine (Left) Both Fatally Stricken While Directing Rehearsals of Stage Productions Based on the Life Story of the Ancient Helen.

By JOHN ERSKINE

HELEN OF TROY was beautiful, but beauty wasn't rare in ancient Greece. Helen's peculiarity was this, that her beauty ruined all who laid eyes on her, and they enjoyed the disaster.

This peculiar attribute of history's most fateful charmer was recalled recently in connection with the passing of Max Reinhardt, renowned playwright and producer, while he was directing rehearsals of the operetta "La Belle Helene" for the New York Opera Company.

He was not the first of the modern devotees of Helen to meet with a strangely-timed end.

Probably it was coincidence, but Michel Fokine, the noted ballet director, was smitten by a fatal ailment while he was staging the ballet, "La Belle Helene," in Mexico City.

Those at his deathbed heard him pant, just before the end:

"Cursed Helene!"

Well versed in the classics, the great Fokine was undoubtedly aware of the legend that Helen was a daughter of Nemesis, the Greek goddess of retribution.

Actually, Helen of Troy did bring a great deal of misfortune upon her lovers. But this has been the case with more than one beautiful woman, and it is not essential to haul Nemesis in.

In the somewhat cloudy genealogy of Grecian legend, Helen was the daughter of Tyndareus, who possessed charm. Though penniless, he married a beautiful girl, Leda, and persuaded Hercules, whom he met by chance, to put him on the throne of Sparta. Helen, therefore, was the daughter of the King of Sparta, though the family title to the property was somewhat clouded.

Helen had two brothers, Castor and Pollux, and two sisters, Clytemnestra and Timandra. There may have been more in the family but these are enough. The brothers were admirable characters, the sisters were good for nothing. Timandra is usually disregarded by historians, for though she was a bad woman, she was an amateur compared with her sisters.

When Helen reached the years when the permanent shape of face and figure is apparent, rumor hinted that she was the daughter of Zeus, who had called on Leda when Tyndareus wasn't at home. In detail it was said that Zeus came disguised as a swan, and that Helen made her first appearance in society in a large egg.

When the bad behavior of Helen and Clytemnestra was established as a habit, a further legend began that these daughters, particularly Helen, were sent as a punishment and a curse—a punishment to their father for some unmentioned crime, and a curse on all, either male or female, who looked at her. She was a blight, not a human being. She had no soul and no mind. If you met her you'd lose your heart, your senses, your life.

The legend which makes her the daughter of Nemesis is only another way of saying that she was a punishment, not for her own sins, but for the misdoings of a parent.

These legends are easily explained. The myth that Zeus was Helen's father indicates that Tyndareus was a homely man. In ancient times when a child's gifts surpassed the endowment of the male parent, it was thought that a god made love to the mother. The swan and the egg record Helen's personal appearance.

The ancestors of the ancient Greeks came from the north of Europe, where the weather was likely to be rough, and a delicate complexion was exceptional. Helen, in face and body, was as smooth as an egg shell. She also had an extremely long neck. Taking her character into account, that neck might have suggested a snake, but her beauty was such that even those who didn't approve of her said she was swan-like.

AS TO the blight—though we may explain unusual merit in our neighbor's family by hinting at a god or a traveling salesman, on the other hand, when the children are a scandal, we blame the parents. We wonder what the folks have done to deserve this. There must be a bad strain somewhere.

The first man of importance whom Helen

to the Blight of Helen of Troy?

Under Her Spell, Men Lost Their Hearts, Wits and Lives, and Now, 3000 Years Later, John Erskine, Distinguished Authority on Sparta's Siren Queen, Explains Why Actors Believe the Curse of Her Fatal Beauty Still Lives.

When Paris Settled an Olympian Feud by Judging Venus the Most Beautiful Goddess She Promised Him the Loveliest Woman in the World for a Wife, Then Led Him to Helen and Trouble.

Egged On by Venus, Paris Stole the Not Too Unwilling Helen From Her Stodgy Husband Menelaos.

encouraged was Theseus, King of Athens. Those who seem to preserve her reputation as long as possible said she met him before she was old enough to bear a child, but others argue sensibly that since she did bear a child she must have been old enough.

The story is, she heard Theseus would be passing by, and she attracted his favorable attention by dancing. The dancing occurred in public, in a temple, and we must remember that in the ancient religious ceremonies dancing was a serious element of worship.

Translating freely, therefore, Helen was in church, looking her demurest, and such innocence, of which there is too little in the world, won Theseus. He took her home, installed her as head of his household and made his mother, Aethra wait on her.

THE plight in this case, however, hadn't yet come to its full vigor, since his was the first claim to be put to exercise itself. Theseus lost his heart and his head, but not his life. While he was absent on a political errand, Castor and Pollux arrived with a small army and carried their sister back to Sparta. They took along the mother of Theseus as Helen's slave. It was said that Aethra liked the position, she also having lost her wits.

On the way home Castor and Pollux cross-examined Helen, wishing to be sure Theseus had treated her with respect. She swore that that was precisely the way he had treated her, but when it was clear she would have a child, the brothers planned with their father to save as much of the family reputation as they could.

Clytemnestra had just married Agamemnon, a powerful and aggressive young man, whose sword would discourage scandalmongers. Clytemnestra and Agamemnon agreed to take into their house Helen's prospective offspring and pass it off as their own. The child was the famous Iphigenia.

Later, you remember, when Agamemnon's fleet was delayed at Aulis by unfavorable winds, he offered a human sacrifice, Iphigenia, whom the dramatists refer to as his daughter. The only excuse Clytemnestra could give for murdering Agamemnon later on was that he killed their child, but she knew it was Helen's child and so did he. If a sacrifice was needed, why go outside the family of the criminal?

As soon as Iphigenia was born and boarded out, Helen's menfolk decided she'd better be permanently married as soon as possible. There's a legend that all the eligibles in that part of the world applied eagerly for her hand, but the truth is the reverse.

Tyndareus had to offer heavy inducements. He wished to choose his son-in-law, of course, but he advertised the fact that his kingdom went with the girl. That's how Menelaos became King of Sparta. He was reluctant to marry Helen, but Agamemnon, his powerful brother, who had taken Clytemnestra for love and had as yet suffered no damage, urged him to see what he could do with Helen.

Menelaos was somewhat lacking in personality and enterprise, and, as Agamemnon said, this would probably be his one chance to have even a small kingdom. That's why Helen never thought highly of Menelaos, nor he of her.

When Paris came from Troy on a visit, he had no intention of stealing the wife of his host. He had a wife of his own, and he wasn't by temperament a philanderer, but when he saw Helen he lost his mind. She wasn't in love with him, she was never in love with Menelaos or with Theseus.

When she fled with Paris to Troy, she was simply an epidemic spreading. Priam and the other City Fathers knew they were done for when they learned what Paris had brought home. Menelaos would surely tell his big brother, Agamemnon, about it, but having looked at Helen, they were unable to think straight. They told her to come right in and make herself comfortable.

Helen flirted with all the brothers of Paris. Quite shamelessly she set her cap for Hector. He stood out valiantly against her charms, but we don't know what would have happened if he hadn't died in time on the battlefield. Paris, after one or two lucky escapes, also died in battle. Helen then married his brother Deiphobos, with whom she was living when the Greeks captured Troy.

The night the Wooden Horse was brought in, full of Greeks, she walked around the hollow effigy and called to each hero in the tone of his absent wife, imitating the voices as well as she could remember. They said afterwards she almost moved them to exclamations and tears, which would have sealed their fate promptly.

When Troy was taken she tried to buy mercy by betraying Deiphobos. Menelaos, under her direction, caught his successor unarmed in Helen's bedroom, and had the satisfaction, not only of killing him, but of cutting off his ears and his hands and slitting his nostrils.

He intended to give Helen the same treatment, but after one careful look he changed his mind. She was rather mature, of course; she must have been at least twenty when she eloped with Paris, it had taken ten years to gather the expedition of revenge, and the siege of Troy had lasted ten years, but she never looked younger than when Menelaos had his opportunity to cut her swan-like throat.

INSTEAD, he took her home with him to Sparta, a decision never understood by any Greek or Trojan who had remained sane.

The domestic life of Helen and Menelaos thereafter was ruffled. He felt she ought not to talk much about the Troy episode. Indeed, he wished the whole historical incident might be forgotten. Visitors, however, occasionally touched on the theme, whereupon Helen would begin chattering about the splendid men on both sides.

The older she grew, the younger she looked, whereas the older Menelaos grew, the older he looked, until the visitors thought of him less as her husband than as her father or grandfather.

There are two stories of her death, both developing the theme that she was a pest to the end — and even later. The first legend says that after Menelaos was buried she took inventory of her life, to be sure she hadn't missed anything.

She had never tried to vamp Achilles, the reason being that they had never met. He died at Troy, you recall, but she decided to visit the other world and look up his ghost. She found him and the other heroes listening to Menelaos, who had just arrived with the latest news from earth.

After hearing the report they were glad they were dead, or at least they thought it a good arrangement that in Elysium women and men are separated. Helen, as I say, appeared just then and though Achilles put up a good resistance, she carried him off to a quiet spot in the land of the blessed, and in due time she had a son, Euphorion.

ACHILLES and Helen, according to this legend, remained in Elysium, but Euphorion, who had his mother's curiosity, came back to earth. His social life was tragic. Quite logically he was half a ghost—that is, he was a ghost half the time. You might be talking to him, or he to you, and suddenly he would vanish.

The other legend says that when Menelaos died, some of his relatives drove Helen out of Sparta, which was illegal, since she really owned the place, but since she had always a fondness for travel she set out cheerfully to see the world, and in due time came to Rhodes.

Overwhelmed by her divine beauty, the inhabitants welcomed her with processions and religious ceremonies. That very afternoon they set up an altar in her honor and made her a minor goddess, which in those days was much the same thing as giving an honorary degree. After a heavy banquet in the evening they escorted her to a palace.

The leading men of the city, however, didn't sleep; they were too busy with their thoughts. Apparently the citizens who were not leading men did some thinking too. In the morning the population unanimously appointed a committee, who fetched a rope and hanged her. The communal brain-work had amounted to this, that no one could tell what mischief she had been up to before she arrived at their city. There might be an army on her trail, seeking revenge.

But though they hanged her, they had seen her first, and they couldn't forget. That generation of Rhodians died of insomnia.

WOMEN IN THE "KNOW"

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DEVILED HAM AND EGG SANDWICH Spread enriched bread with butter or fortified margarine and Libby's Deviled Ham (one 3 oz. can makes 4 double sandwiches). Top with thin slices of hard cooked egg, mayonnaise, lettuce, and a second slice of bread. Pack or serve with Libby's Olives or Pickles.

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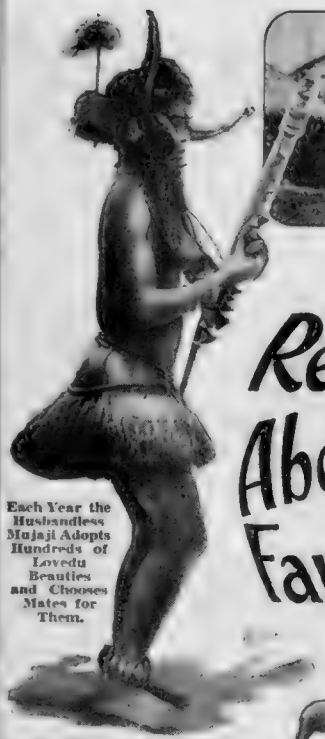

Each Year the Husbandless Mujaji Adopts Hundreds of Lovedu Beauties and Chooses Mates for Them.

Primitive as Is Her Kingdom, the Rain Queen's Subjects Are the Happiest in the World.

The Real Truth About Africa's Fantastic Rain Queen

Medicine Men Assist the Mujaji in Her Rain-Making Ceremonies.

Probably the Only Photograph of Mujaji III, White Rain Queen of the Lovedu.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK

Explorer-Author of "Jungle Ways," "White Monk of Timbuctoo," Etc.

MYSTERIOUS white queens and goddesses — mostly mythical but occasionally real—are as numerous and elusive as chimeric monkeys in Darkest Africa.

The latest, however, White-Queen-Rain-Goddess of the Lovedu, presented to an astonished world by Prime Minister Smuts of South Africa (of all people!) bids fair to be the greatest sensation in the history of anthropology and folklore.

Her name is Mujaji III. She rules a black tribe in the Drakensberg mountains, northeastern Transvaal.

Why is she white? Nobody knows, for sure. Generations ago, daughters of a Boer farmer were captured alive by blacks and disappeared forever. Be that as it may, Mujaji III is so attractive, light-skinned and handsome, despite her 60 years, that General Smuts calls her "a wonderful woman, strong in body and character, every inch a queen."

And she's so terrifically important that Oxford University Press, the Institute of African Languages and Cultures, Rhodes University College and the Prime Minister himself are all sponsoring "The Realm of a Rain-Queen," in which anthropologists Jan D. and E. Jensen Krige introduce her to the outside world.

The Lovedu are an agricultural tribe of 30,000. Their religion is a rain cult, their sacred queen its head. She practices rain magic, aided by her witch doctors. But behind this mumbo-jumbo (weirder than the balloons, cannon and other rain-making contraptions our parents used in the Middle West), is a deeper pattern involving the whole life of the people and their queens.

"All the major institutions," write the Kriges, "subserve the grand purpose of making her the 'divine transformer of the clouds.'"

From personal experience, I know this to be true. It was my fortune, during my African explorations, to be associated with a bona fide rain queen of the Yafauba tribe, a majestic and intelligent woman, who, with the addition of a few garments, would have graced any civilized drawing room.

Her name was Wamba, and she took her duties very seriously. When it failed to rain, she confided to me that she feared it was because she lacked the faith of her grandmother, a famous rain queen.

I don't know what became of Wamba, but it is probable that, by now, she is dead from poison, and that her skin lies among the rain-making accessories. That is the end toward which rain queens must look. In addition, being barred from marriage, they must die by self-administered poison, and then flayed, so that their magic merit is preserved.

All these facts—which were not believed when I first told of them in an early book—are confirmed in the Krige scientific treatise.

"The queen's rain medicines are kept in earthenware pots," the authors write. "Some of their power is said to derive from a human skull, and there are mysterious horns. The medicine in the horns is said, when burned, to produce smoke which rises to produce the clouds. The chief ingredient of the rain pots is the skin of the last queen."

The present queen's whole life is patterned on these traditions. In her turn, she will commit suicide in the same way, by drinking poison.

The Kriges call attention to certain astounding parallels between the Lovedu queens and the heroine of Rider Haggard's novel called "She," who, like the Mujajis, could die only by her own hand. Haggard's book was fiction, but he lived many years in South Africa, and there is evidence that the late Mujaji II, mother of the present queen, may have been the model for his heroine.

Like She, the Lovedu queens can never marry, but have their children by royal "consorts" whose names are kept secret and who afterwards disappear. Like She, they rule their black subjects with a wisdom and love which make the present-day social economics of the tribe a beautiful survival of primitive, idyllic simplicity.

The queen adopts and provides for the marriages of hundreds of young girls who are ritually called the Queen's "wives," a word which means nothing more and implies nothing less than that she has taken them under her protectorship to find them good husbands. The poor, old and feeble in this somewhat topsy-turvy paradise are as loved and respected as the young, rich and strong.

The Lovedu are not a solemn people, nor do they work all the time. They love their beer and drink a lot of it, a home brew made from maize called mealies in South Africa. They have gay beer parties, attended by young and old, but never get drunk.

It all sounds pretty perfect for this benevolent white queen-goddess and her tribe. But nothing is ever perfect, and Queen Mujaji III is having her own troubles right now. Despite the fact that she can control rain, thunder, lightning and 30,000 happy subjects—even at beer parties—she can't control her own daughter! The young lady destined to be Mujaji IV has upset the applecart by falling in love with a commoner, and what's worse, wants to marry him, despite the rule that Mujajis-to-be must never marry anybody.

Society "queen mothers" in America can sympathize with Mujaji III about that. And it's being rumored in the highest Lovedu circles that the queen's daughter, contrary to usual procedure, may be in for a good, old-fashioned skinning—before she dies, instead of after.

That, too, has happened to rain queens.

"I Traded in My Heart"

By Peggy Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted—Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them

Peggy, Cast for the Role of "Palm Beach Girl," Started on Her Way to a New Triumph —But Never Got to the Premiere.

Norma Talmadge, Who Advised the Young Star: "Stick to Your Career and Don't Marry!"

My Mind Was Made Up! I Was NOT Going With the Show to Palm Beach—I Was Going to Hollywood. Throwing My Fur Coat Over My Pajamas, as the Train Pulled Into Washington, I Crept From My Drawing-Room and Down the Corridor.

It Was No Surprise to Glorified Beauties of the Terrific Twenties to Find $100 Bills, Diamond-Encrusted Compacts or Emerald-Studded Bracelets At Their Dinner Plates.

Edmund Goulding Saw Movie Possibilities In a Secret Test of Peggy and Started Her Playing Broadway Against the Films.

CHAPTER SIX

"BLUMEY, why did Morris Gest come over here to this table, away from his own party, to say such a thing to me?" I asked.

Blumey shrugged and watched Morris' gaunt figure stalk from the Mayfair dining room. It was in Chicago, where the Ziegfeld Follies was playing.

"Blumey! He said that I would regret the day I met you! Why? What did he mean?"

"Peggy, I hardly know the man," Blumey answered.

I knew Morris well. He was one of Flo Ziegfeld's closest friends. Married to David Belasco's daughter, he was one of the most successful theatrical producers in the country.

I tried to divert Blumey by telling him the exciting plans for my show, "Palm Beach Girl."

But he was terribly agitated and kept saying, "Why, I hardly know Gest!"

Out of consideration for him I kept up a flow of conversation. About Ziggy and my show, about the 16 millionaires, headed by Tony Biddle, who were angeling the production. The whole show was to revolve around me and was to be the first ever premiered in Palm Beach, Fla.

Blumey took me to my hotel rather soberly. He was leaving for New York and his conversation was about my going there for Christmas.

Even as we said good night Blumey kept mentioning Morris Gest. And curiously, the following noon I ran into Morris in my hotel lobby.

Morris took off his broad-brimmed black hat and held it dramatically under his arm as we talked. His black artist's tie and the black suit he habitually wore, gave him a dramatic appearance.

"Morris, what did you mean by saying such a thing to me about Blumey?"

"Don't ask me, Peggy," Morris said solemnly. "If you are a smart girl you will keep away from Alfred Cleveland Blumenthal!"

He would say no more. And I was often to wish that I had been guided by my own first impression of Blumey and regret that I had not heeded Morris' most unusual and unexpected warning. But I put it out of my mind.

Only two days more and I would be back in New York. I sent Irene, my maid, ahead to make a suite in the Ambassador homey for me.

I fully intended to be back for Christmas—until Ernie Byfield, Chicago man-about-town and hotel owner, called me. He is famous for his parties—and when he invited me to his Christmas celebration I forgot about New York.

It was the gayest kind of gathering. Jeanne Eagels, of "Rain" fame; Al Jolson, Fannie Brice, Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson, co-starring in "The Dove," and Helen Menken were among the guests. I put New York off. I even caught a train for St. Louis the day after Christmas. Not until the day after New Year's, the morning of the day my rehearsals for "Palm Beach Girl" were to begin, did I arrive in New York.

Louise Brooks met me in a temper!

"Peggy! How could you have stood up poor Blumey on Christmas?" she cried. "You hurt him so terribly! He was especially embarrassed because William Fox waited with us."

Then Louise said: "Somehow, William Fox seemed pleased when you didn't come, or telephone or even wire! But, oh, poor Blumey! I helped him select such beautiful presents for you."

I went right into rehearsal and forgot everything except that I had 14 scenes to study, 10 costumes to be fitted and seven songs to learn. One song, "No Foolin'," got its title from my Southern expression "No foolin'." It was like Ziggy to have that song written. It had 16 choruses, and one line of each chorus was dedicated to a millionaire angel as his glorification.

THESE were the days when millionaires had money and few income and inheritance tax headaches! They gave many parties for the girls in the show which included Paulette Goddard, Susan Fleming (now Mrs. Harpo Marx), and Mary Mulhern (who later married Jack Pickford). It was not unusual to find a $100 bill beneath your dinner plate, or to receive a gold compact or an emerald and pearl studded wristwatch—for nothing, except some laughs.

Many times I was asked to bring six or eight of "the most beautiful girls from your show" to meet the notables at after-theatre supper parties.

The men would get a big kick out of meeting the girls they had seen glorified on the stage.

These were the days when orchids arrived by the box, and the box would include a ring, diamond bracelet or brooch.

Some day may the young girls' world regain the Golden Twenties!

There was no particular romance to claim my mind or heart. I could think and talk of little else except my show. One night, however, I broke this rule for Blumey. Because he asked me to dine with Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck.

Norma Talmadge had been my ideal. And when I saw her that night I knew that she was exactly what I had imagined her to be.

(That was also my first meeting with Joe Schenck, who was to become so important to my life later.)

After dinner Norma took my arm and drew me aside.

"How serious are you about Blumey?" she asked.

"We're just friends."

"It's more than friendship to Blumey," she said. "He is quite determined about you."

Then Norma fastened her great, dark eyes on me and said something I've never forgotten.

"Peggy, stick to your career," she said. "Above all things, remember this. Don't marry Blumenthal!"

My show was to go to Palm Beach for its opening and I had no idea of marrying Blumey.

However, later that night, when Blumey and I were alone, he said:

"I don't want you to go to Palm Beach."

"Why, Blumey?" I asked. "The show is scheduled for a 16-weeks-run in Palm Beach—one week in honor of each millionaire backer!"

"I don't want you to go, you know," he replied, "you'll wind up marrying someone down there."

"I'm not interested in romance, Blumey."

What I did not know then was that William Fox had determined not to build a theatre in Palm Beach. This meant that Blumey did not have a legitimate excuse to follow me there.

Already Mr. Fox had decided that it was time Blumey returned West.

NEITHER William Fox nor I half estimated the extremes to which Blumey would go.

If I could go into the movies, you see, I, too, would go to the West Coast. So Blumey introduced Edmund Goulding, the tall, broad-shouldered movie director and writer, to me. Edmund won my admiration from the start. He wrote original stories for the films, including "The Trespasser" for Gloria Swanson, "Rip Tide" for Norma Shearer and "Broadway Melody," the first musical talking film, for MGM. He also directed Greta Garbo into stardom in her first American picture. Edmund composed the music for his films and he sang in the pictures.

Just then he had completed a story called "Paris" for MGM.

"Peggy, it will take only a little time to make a screen test of you," he said. "Let's go to the studio now."

"Edmund, I'm under contract to Mr. Ziegfeld. He wouldn't allow it!"

Goulding shook his head, then seeming to think aloud: "I could arrange it in some little photographer's studio, Peggy. Ziggy would never know."

I think I accepted the offer as a lark. The studio was small and unpretentious. The lighting was bad. Two days later Edmund informed me excitedly that the test was everything he had believed it would be!

"Peggy, I'm leaving for the coast immediately to sell you to MGM!" he said. "Peggy, you are the girl I want to play the lead in my picture, 'Paris!'"

Between Edmund's persuasion and Blumey's enthusiasm and reminder that, "Now you have the opportunity which only a few girls in the world ever have," I found rehearsals of "Palm Beach Girl" drab and flat.

BUT—Flo Ziegfeld was so preoccupied and enthusiastic about his show for me. And it was impossible for me to think much of anything else.

The night arrived for me to catch the train to Palm Beach. I rushed into the station just before the train left. A messenger boy paged me.

I tore open this message.

RECEIVED WIRE FROM EDMUND GOULDING MGM PLEASED WITH YOUR TEST AND EDMUND'S IDEA THAT YOU PLAY LEAD IN PARIS MOST NECESSARY YOU LEAVE FOR COAST RIGHT AWAY AS PICTURE GOES INTO PRODUCTION IMMEDIATELY.

The wire was signed "Blumey."

Someone touched my arm. It was Stanley Sharpe, the company manager.

"Peggy, has something happened? Anything wrong?" he asked.

"It's a wire—" I folded the message into my handbag. Then I lied: "—a wire from a beau wishing me a pleasant trip."

But my movie ambitions were on fire. I did not want to get on the train. But—could I let Stanley Sharpe, who was Flo Ziegfeld's alter ego, know that I had a change of heart?

I looked at Stanley and knew I had not fooled him. Concern and alarm were in his eyes.

I boarded the train. Stanley was my constant companion. I realized I was not the Miss Poker Face I thought I was. Now, if ever, I decided, was my time to prove that I was an actress.

I realized that when I read that wire from Blumey I had made up my mind. I would never see Palm Beach—not that season. I was going to Hollywood.

After dinner I excused myself to get ready for bed. But Stanley Sharpe sat outside my drawing room. He was there when I appeared in pajamas and robe to say goodnight. Then he left me, for he had much to do.

And so did I. The train was pulling into Washington. I took off my robe and put on my fur coat, which was long enough to hide my pajamas.

I stepped off the train the second it stopped and ran into the rest room in the station.

A few minutes later the train, with Stanley and my show, left for Palm Beach. But without the star of "Palm Beach Girl."

Next week Peggy Fears tells her exciting experiences in Hollywood, where she mingled with other motion picture stars.

Work in a War Plant, With the Motor Corps, or the Red Cross—Breaks Up the Seemingly Endless Wait

Careful, You CAN Become a Mental LIFER!

New Menace for "War Wives"—Fear of Time —and Here's How to Overcome It

By DR. LEONARD K. HIRSHBERG

To an Absent Soldier's Wife, Mother or Sweetheart, Time Looms in Endless Weeks and Months. Unless She Lives It an Hour or a Day at a Time, She May Give Up to Helpless Fear.

Are you afraid of time? Is it a long, stretched out road of endless days, weeks, months and years, ahead of you? Are you a woman whose husband, sweetheart or son has gone to war and who is afraid to face the future? Are you afraid that you will give up hope and become a mental case?

If you have been thinking these things, you have been thinking like a prisoner. You have been thinking like a mental case. You have been thinking like a mental LIFER!

These psychologists are not the only ones who ordinarily see the fear of time in all its ramifications. Chronophobia, in prison jargon, is the essence of being "stir crazy."

Dread of the Long Stretch Ahead, Which Psychiatrists Call Chronophobia, Makes Prisoners "Stir Crazy."

But now, with the war, chronophobia is reaching beyond prison walls and stalking American women.

Chronophobia, in a way, is comparable to agrophobia (fear of open spaces) and claustrophobia (fear of inclosed spaces). But instead of being thrown into panic by the fear of space—either its boundless or its confining nature—the person who is suffering with chronophobia is afraid of time.

Dr. Salvatore Russo, formerly psychologist at Auburn prison, N. Y., explains how time drives prisoners stir crazy. His discoveries, recently reported in the journal, "Mental Hygiene," have much meaning for lonesome women on the home front.

"Time," says Dr. Russo, "is all that a man has in prison. His sentence must be served out. It cannot be hurried. Behind the walls of a penitentiary there is nothing to substitute for time."

In sending a prisoner to the penitentiary the state does not say HOW the time must be served. The state only says HOW MUCH time must be served. His only currency is time.

The full impact of time is not at first felt by a new prisoner.

And neither is it felt at first by a woman whose man has gone off to some war front.

The new prisoner is busy in his first few weeks. He is finger-printed, photographed, examined by the doctor, by the psychiatrist, by the psychologist, interviewed by the keeper, parole board and chaplain.

Moreover, he makes new acquaintances. He attains new habits, a new standard of ethics, and new interests.

Every wife whose husband has gone off to war undergoes a comparable transition period. Profound family adjustments must be made immediately.

There is a new place to live. Maybe the wife returns to her parents' home. She tries to get a job. All these adjustments help in the transition period.

In the case of a prisoner, Dr. Russo points out:

"There is always hope. The defense attorney can still appeal the case; friends and relatives can try to intercede with political powers; there are always writs and applications for clemency. All of these give false hopes but still hopes—to the inmates."

Caring for the Small Fry of War Workers Helps, Too.

To the woman on the home front there is hope, too. She hopes that Hitler will fall dead, or that the war by some miracle will end quickly. Or that her husband, sweetheart or son will be stationed in a non-combat post, or that he will be discharged.

Dr. Russo, now Professor of Psychology at Rider College, Trenton, N. J., says that in prison the inmates pass this initial stage with flying colors, then something snaps. It may not come for a month, a year, or even five years. When the transition period is over, time presses down relentlessly upon him and stretches out into the future like a long, hopeless pathway from which there is no return.

When the cracking point comes the inmate suffers chronophobia. What he really fears is time.

In the same way, some women, whose men are off to war, reach a breaking point.

Their future is indefinite. Time for them is standing still until their men return. They too are under "sentence" for the duration with the added uncertainty that neither they—nor anyone—knows how long that sentence will be.

Time takes on a new meaning, a meaning they never knew before.

If they have neurotic tendencies, they are ripe for the fears of chronophobia.

The smartest, most rational women go into war work, keep busy. But for some women, the phobia of time hangs like a mantle about them.

For persons who fear time and the future, Dr. Russo suggests the story of "The Grandfather's Clock."

"The pendulum of a large hall clock one day decided to stop ticking; it had been contemplating the great amount of work it had to do, having to tick to eternity, and felt that the task was more than it could face.

"Its strike held up the motion of the other parts, and a consultation was held. After much argument they convinced the pendulum that it should not contemplate eternity, since it did not have to tick for eternity.

"All it was asked to do was tick once a second, which it admitted was not too much to ask. If it did this, time would take care of itself."

Contemplating a long stretch of time is an evil, says Dr. Russo. If any woman thinks of herself as serving a "time sentence" while her man is off to war, let her consider that she is not being asked to serve this sentence all at once, but merely to put in only one day at a time, to live only one day in 24 hours.

The best advice to make time pass quickly is to keep busy.

Long range plans and a profound contemplation of the future are necessary for a nation, and for individuals in a normal world. But to a woman who is a "widow" for the duration, the less she thinks of time the better off she will be.

When Life needs a Lift...

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THERE'S A RICH REWARD OF FRIENDLY STIMULATION IN THIS RICHER, FINER COFFEE!

A Product of General Foods

Ask the canteen girls! They know what a cup of good hot coffee really means! They've seen and served jammed troop trains! They've also met the soldier who didn't get home because that seat was full—and know far better than most of us why Uncle Sam asks, "*Is Your Trip Necessary?*"

Like millions of other busy Americans who've done their bit, they've found that when a long hard job is done, there's a friendly lift in a heart-warming cup of mellow-rich Maxwell House Coffee.

Only expert blending of choice Latin-American coffees could bring you the *extra* flavor and vigor, the *complete* coffee satisfaction that makes work seem lighter . . . life seem brighter. And all the flavor that's in the blend is in every cup, too... for Maxwell House Coffee is Radiant Roasted through and through, then vacuum-packed fresh from the oven to seal that flavor in!

That's why Maxwell House, famous for many generations, stands first today—the largest-selling vacuum-packed coffee in the world! In millions of homes, it's America's favorite coffee. So *stay home*, folks . . . and enjoy it!

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Exposed to Damage from Glass and Dust

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The Society Songbird Who Sprouts Wings Once a Year

The Highlight of Madame Jenkins' Annual Concert Is Her Rendition of "I'm a Bird" in a Costume Fitted With Wings.

This Photograph of the Society Diva Shows Her Surrounded by Flowers at One of Her Yearly Recitals.

CATCALLS, over-ripe eggs, rotten tomatoes or onions and other vegetables, aimed by outraged audiences to show their disapproval, have driven many a hopeful singer into oblivion.

Operatic history even tells of the salvoes of failures who drew boos and missiles instead of approving hand-clapping on the occasion of their displeasing debuts. Rarely have stampeded beginners recovered from derisive receptions sufficiently to try a comeback, for it takes a brave soul to stand up under such ridicule.

The bitter tears of thousands of failures might have been spared had the thwarted singers been blessed with any part of the fortitude of Madame Florence Foster Jenkins, New York's rich "out of this world" songbird, the only known diva to achieve fame via the "Bronx cheer" and keep coming back for more.

Madame Jenkins returns once each year and, to the few hundred lucky New Yorkers who can attend her annual concert, the opera in comparison is as nothing at all. Madame Jenkins' incredible renditions are the musical event of the season.

The high point of her song session, however, is a composition of her own entitled "I'm a Bird" and to properly set the stage for this piece de resistance, Madame emerges like a butterfly from its cocoon, wearing a costume fitted with wings. Once, so it is said, one wing was rendered hors de combat as she stepped onto the stage to give her all and everything musical came to a halt until the damage could be repaired.

When Madame is presented by the Verdi Club all decked out in a new $500 dress, $100 fan,—and her strange wings—she is accompanied by Cosme McCoon, the only pianist out of 20 tried so far who has been able to play and keep a straight face.

Each year she dutifully presents McCoon with a gold medal, which brother musicians assert is a richly deserved reward for extreme heroism.

Frequently, those who make up her audiences literally have to hold on to their seats to keep from rolling into the aisles. Anyone, however, is permitted to laugh when La Jenkins produces her famous hoots and swoops, provided they do so discreetly into their handkerchiefs.

Unkind critics have said she is as "funny as a crutch, without meaning to be so."

After the amateur diva had whooped 'em up one night with a rendition from Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," which was duly preserved for posterity by an instantaneous recording, a newspaperman who heard the disc gave it a "rave" notice that has been widely quoted. He promised the record would give the listener "more of a kick than the same amount ($2.50) invested in tequila, zubrovka, or marijuana, and we ain't woofin!"

The Jenkins' records enjoy a brisk sale, and her fans fight for them as vigorously as they do for admittance to the hall when she sings her songs.

They think everything about her is colorful and exciting, especially the way she has the classics rewritten when they do not suit her. Of late, she is said to have removed some of the more altitudinous notes from her favorites.

Possibly the most hysterical analysis of the lady's singing followed her recording of the dramatic "Queen of the Night," from Mozart's Magic Flute, considered a most difficult coloratura soprano aria, which was played back for the critic of a nationally circulated magazine of importance.

He likened her voice to "wild wallowings in descending trills" and asserted her repeated staccato notes were like a cuckoo in its cups. Another important commentator wrote that anything he might say would be libelous, but promised that if the record was not worth the price of admission he, personally, would refund the money.

An imperious-looking woman, over sixty-five, plump and serious about her work, La Jenkins is impervious to criticism, laying it all to jealousy.

After a recent taxicab accident she discovered that she could sing a higher F than before, but her accompanist thus far has been unable to find the corresponding note on the piano. Nevertheless, the society thrush was so grateful to the driver for improving her voice that, instead of haling the taxi company into court, she presented their employe with a box of cigars.

Admirers of Madame say she is "making up for lost time" with her singing which was neglected in her youth because her late mother disapproved of her yen to warble.

Wealthy enough to indulge herself in her amateur career, and cheered on by a group of faithful and flattering sycophants, this ambitious songstress today looks forward to greater and greater triumphs as time goes by.

It's so easy to have scalp odor—*and not know it!* But if you want the real truth as to whether *you* offend, just consult your hat.

Your scalp perspires, you know—just as your skin does. But with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at hand, you needn't risk offending with scalp odor.

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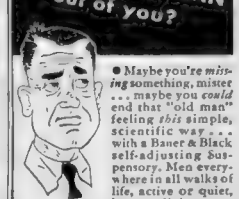
Does a busy day make an OLD MAN out of you?



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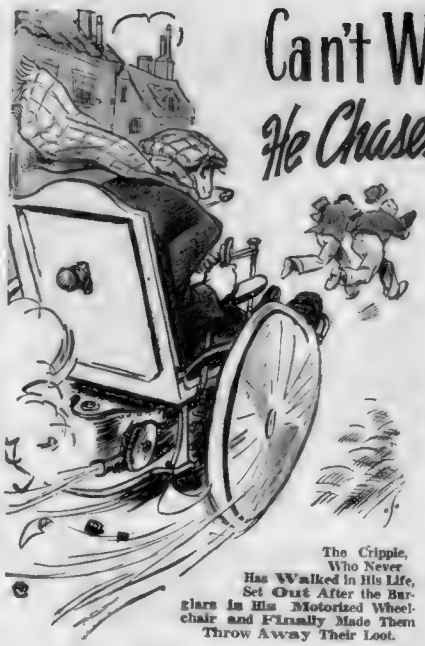
Every page in this magazine is as interesting as the next.

Can't Walk, But He Chases Burglars



The Cripple, Who Never Has Walked in His Life, Set Out After the Burglars in His Motorized Wheelchair and Finally Made Them Throw Away Their Loot.

THE friends of Leonard Doyle, a 32-year-old cripple, of Leeds, England, who knew that he had never walked in his life, hardly expected him to do things like other people, even with a new motor-propelled wheelchair presented to him from the proceeds of a series of neighborhood benefits.

The last thing in the world Doyle's neighbors ever expected was that the "helpless" man would star in a movie-thriller chase after burglars, get back their loot and land on page one of the newspapers all over England as a hero.

All this and the fact that Doyle came out of the experience as something of a "speed demon" after a ten-mile-an-hour dash down highways, across country fields and by-ways, has increased the amazement of his friends.

Until Doyle was presented with his new chair, he had rarely ventured a hundred yards from his home and then only in an old-style "invalid buggy" pushed by some relative.

But six months ago when kind neighbors surprised him with the automotive gift, Doyle explored the countryside and put-putted into ever corner of his neighborhood.

These excursions, plus the unsuspected speed of the gasoline chair, proved the thieves' undoing when Doyle started his historic chase.

The crippled young man discovered the thieves, two young men, in the basement of a building where his father, a caretaker, left him to guard the premises while Doyle, senior, was having lunch.

"Just a cripple," sneered the intruders, when he appeared, "this job is a cinch."

The invalid screamed at the youths, but they picked up two bolts of cloth, thumbed their noses at him and leisurely departed. This was where they made their mistake. Doyle stepped on the chair's throttle, and yelling at the top of his lungs, chased them up a runway to the street.

Witnesses said the cripple attained an incredible speed of ten miles an hour which was not fast enough to overtake the now alarmed burglars. But his intimate knowledge of the neighborhood did the rest. Everywhere the youths turned, Doyle and his putting wheelchair headed them off.

Finally the thieves, tired out, dropped their loot and escaped.

When Doyle returned with the stolen goods triumphantly displayed in his invalid chair, he was greeted by loud cheers.

That "just a cripple" remark, he said, made him mad.

GREAT TONIC Helps Children Develop STAMINA!

WORKING MOTHERS! MAKE SURE YOUR CHILDREN GET PROPER NOURISHMENT!

Here's an easy way to solve your big worry—and help your children get Vital Elements* they need. Give them good-tasting Scott's Emulsion every day and watch them thrive! Recommended by many doctors because it's rich in the *natural* A and D Vitamins* children need for proper growth, sound teeth, strong bones.

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Children like this *better* was to take cod liver oil. It helps them grow strong. It's good-tasting, easy to take and retain. So mothers, give Scott's Emulsion every day the whole year round! Buy at your nearest druggist *this very day!*

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4. Four times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil.

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"It happens every time. It's the vitamins in that enriched bread."

SMILE AWHILE-

"Thanks for the apples, children. Now, when you look in the refrigerator for an apple tomorrow, and you happen to notice a small piece of steak..."

"They're not patients—they just hang around trying to date my nurse."

"Since she became engaged to a private, first-class, she considers all civilians second-class."

A New Clue to Lobengula's *Lost Millions*

When He Was Alive and Troublesome Chief Lobengula Looked Like This.

Before the Matabele Chief Got Away With One of the World's Greatest Treasures, His Warriors Gave the British Army Plenty of Trouble.

BRITISH explorers are once again hot on the trail of one of the world's greatest buried treasures — the $10,000,000 hidden hoard of King Lobengula, the black emperor of the Matabeles.

The recent discovery in the Rhodesian wilds of the long-lost grave of the one-time powerful jungle monarch has led to the belief that his fabulous treasure may be cached near by.

For 50 years explorers have been trying to find Lobengula's millions—and, until the discovery of his tomb four months ago, hope virtually had been abandoned.

There is nothing legendary about Lobengula's hoard of diamonds, raw gold, and sovereigns. It definitely exists.

Lobengula, a tall, powerfully-built black, became king of Matabeleland, now a part of Rhodesia, in 1870 following the death of his father, Moselikatze, ruler of the Zulus.

During his 23-year reign, Lobengula collected a vast hoard of diamonds, stolen by his subjects who worked in the Kimberly mines.

He kept his treasure, which included raw gold from the Mashona mines and bags of British and Dutch sovereigns, under heavy guard in his kraal at Bulawayo.

In 1893, when he warred with the British, the Matabele monarch ordered his treasure put in iron chests and taken out to the jungle to be buried.

John Jacobs, an educated half-caste, who acted as the king's secretary, and four tribal leaders, were detailed to supervise burial of the treasure.

Northeast of Bulawayo, between the Lundi and Limpopo rivers in the Chibi Valley, the king had 14 black warriors dig two great caves. In one were placed the diamonds and gold in iron trunks, and in the other great tusks of ivory.

Against the face of the caves, the natives then built a stone wall which was hidden with dirt. On the return of the expedition to Bulawayo, Lobengula had the entire party executed, except Jacobs.

When a few months later—November 3, 1893—British troops seized Bulawayo after bloody jungle fighting, the emperor and several thousand warriors retreated in the direction of Zambezi.

In January, 1894, while still trying to elude the British, the Matabele king died from fever or a wound.

With his death and the complete conquering of his kingdom, the great hunt for his treasure, known to be worth at least $10,000,000, began—and has been going on for five decades.

The tomb, which Rhodesian authorities have decided to preserve as a national monument complete with the emperor's rifles, bullets and saddles, was found by a wandering Matabele native in the cave of a river in the Pashus country.

Now, working on the theory that Lobengula was undoubtedly heading for his hidden treasure when death overtook him, experts believe that the hoard may be uncovered not far away from his last resting place.

"A LUX Girl?

"You bet I am!" Loretta Young

Co-star of Walter Wanger's "LADIES COURAGEOUS"

These Beauty facials really make skin lovelier!" says this famous star

"I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. I rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat to dry. A wonderful beauty care!"

YOU want the loveliness that wins romance! Try the simple beauty care Hollywood stars use. See if you're not delighted with the results!

Here's a simple care that *works*. In recent tests actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved! See if this daily complexion care lovely screen stars recommend doesn't make *your* skin smoother!

DON'T WASTE SOAP

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

WHY LOSE BEAUTY

THAT 1 EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK CAN SAVE?

Teel avoids these cavities and it's the only leading dentifrice that does!

1 TROUBLE STARTS HERE, right at the gumline. That's where 8 in 10 adults may risk getting ugly cavities like the one pictured below . . . cavities that may need filling. TEEL protects you from this damage . . . gives protection *no other leading dentifrice can give!*

2 SEE TEEL'S DIFFERENCE! Hold TEEL up to the light. It's a sparkling-clear liquid . . . contains no abrasives...gets teeth bright safely and pleasantly. TEEL's cleaning action is different from all other leading dentifrices. And notice how clean it keeps your brush.

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8 in 10 YOU MAY RUN THIS RISK!

See that cavity in the tooth at the left? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that *over half of all adults examined* had these cavities—and *more than 8 in 10 risked getting them*—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

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Teel protects teeth *Beautifully!*

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HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS CLEANS—BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

Married His Way OUT of the Social Register

On Their Wedding Day, the Aged Mr. Collins and His Young, Half-Japanese Bride Smiled Happily for New York's News Cameramen.

—But the Oriental Background of the Blueblood's New Wife Got Him Booted Out of the Pages of the Social Register.

MANY are the reasons why scores of Manhattan's high and mighty have been kicked out of the New York Social Register, which is often referred to by punmakers as the "Almanach de Gotham."

In fact, so many omissions have been made throughout the years that the little black book with its red title might have put itself right out of existence long since had local aristocracy been limited strictly to the famous "400." Cafe Society, however, saved the day by helping to swell the ranks to around 4,000.

It would seem, therefore, that Manhattan's frowning social arbiters still have quite a lot of room left for blue pencilling the blue bloods who fall afoul of their numerous and "unwritten" laws. Each year, a number of fortunate men and women are graciously permitted to enter the sacred pages of the Social Register at the same time that another group is being unceremoniously kicked out.

Conspicuous shenanigans of many types have brought the deleting pencil into play in the cases of some of those who are "edited out."

When a socialite stands on his head at the opera, for example, he can be sure that he pretty soon will be out. Nightclub brawls, scandals of many kinds, messy divorces and other reasons have been given for dropping many of the "high caste."

The 1944 Social Register, just out, omits the name of 72-year-old Minturn Post Collins, however, for none of the accepted reasons listed above. New Yorkers say this white-haired member of the uppercrust literally "married himself out" of the little bible of "elegance and breeding."

A dapper, well-preserved socialite, who is known as "quite a gay old boy about town," this casualty had never in the past done anything startling enough to get himself booted from the pages of the book. His friends say his only "offense" was to marry a pretty and charming 23-year-old girl.

This, naturally, constituted no reason for his getting the "axe," but the fact that his young bride was half Japanese was probably too much. And, times being what they are, many New Yorkers are not surprised.

The bride, Edith Buckingham, who took the name of her English mother, was formerly the companion of Collins' sister, Mrs. William B. Isham.

A spirited dancer before his marriage, her bridegroom, who is said to have kept in fine Terpsichorean fettle by practicing new steps before a mirror with a pillow, will no longer find it necessary to use an imaginary partner. His pretty, half-Japanese bride is an accomplished dancer, who knows all the latest ballroom maneuvers.

A widower, this bright-eyed Benedict has two grown sons, but when it came to nightclub activity, he set a pace which the young men found too strenuous to follow.

If the septuagenarian Romeo thinks his banishment from the sacred book was a raw deal, he might find some solace in trading experience with Walter de Havilland, the father of Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland, who went into "exile" because he married a full-blooded Japanese woman.

When his new wife received her "marching orders" from Uncle Sam in California, she had to decide whether to be interned in a Government camp or move inland. She elected to move and her devoted husband went along. His marriage to the Japanese woman in Tokio contributed to his estrangement from his famous daughters.

At least Collins' family seem to approve of his marriage. He and his bride have been making their home with his elderly sister.

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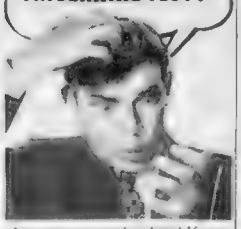

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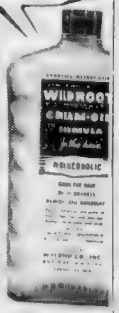

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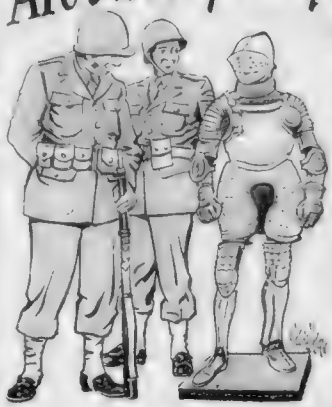
Instant-sealed bandage cuts off sore fingers . . . peeled knees tearing to get stubborn, sticky tapes loose! Then you'll be designed with Gauztex, the surgical bandage that sticks ONLY to itself. Made of special processed gauze . . . soft, dry, porous. Gauztex won't come off in oil, gasoline, paint, or water. Keeps dirt out, holds in healing germs. Does not stick to skin or hair . . . comes off instantly without pulling. Various widths, lengths. ALSO ready-made BAND-ME-QUICK finger sizes. At drug counters—10¢ up. Get Gauztex. General Bandages, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZTEX Sticks to Itself . . . NEVER TO YOU

Just How Tough Are Our Fighting Men?



The Average American Fighting Man Today Is Taller and Heavier Than the Supposedly Husky Knights of the Middle Ages.

BECAUSE rightfully proud and well-meaning veterans of the first World War like to boast about the ruggedness of our 1918 Army, a lot of people nurse the notion that the soldiers of 26 years ago were a lot rougher and tougher than the Yanks of today.

Recently statistics, however, show that man-for-man, the old doughboys might get their blocks knocked off if they had to meet present-day American soldiers in combat.

The men going into service today, on the average, stand nearly one inch taller than did their fathers and uncles of World War I. Huskier, they tip the scales at five pounds more per man. Their overall health is much better.

And what is more important in these days of mechanical warfare, modern soldiers are a lot smarter than the boys who went "over there." Comparative records show that they have between two and three years more formal education.

Doctors and scientists, who have made a comparison of draft rejection figures for 1918 and for 1943, say that more than two-score years of better knowledge about nutrition has built up a stronger and better race of Americans. That old quip about "back in the good old days when men were men" is just so much hooey, according to the scientists, who point out that the human race has been gradually growing stronger and taller during the last few centuries.

It is customary to think of the knights of the Middle Ages as towering figures of steel on giant horses — but the typical modern soldier couldn't squeeze himself into a suit of armor of the 1300's if he tried. By measuring ancient armor and modern clothing, scientists have found that the average man of 1944 is three to four inches taller than the average man of six or seven centuries ago.

The present-day American soldier is healthier, too, and plagued less by the illnesses that hindered World War I operations.

In a recent report, General Paul R. Hawley, chief surgeon for United States forces in the European theatre, candidly admitted that the army brass hats had been "embarrassed by the number of empty beds in the hospitals we've built in Britain to handle our sick list."

When he does get sick, the American soldier is getting well twice as fast as he did in the last war, reports General Hawley.

"Before coming over," he said, "we estimated that 2.25 men per thousand would be hospitalized per day. It was a good enough guess—the actual figure is 2.319—but today's hospitalized soldier is out again in a flash.

"The man with pneumonia is back on duty with in 10 days, thanks to sulfa drugs. In the last war, he spent a month in the hospital and another two weeks convalescing."

During World War I, more men died of disease than actual combat.

The death rate in the present army is only one man per thousand, one-tenth as great as that for the fighting men who made up the old A. E. F.

"That's Funny, We Were Just Going to Visit You for the Week End."

SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

THIS NEW NATURAL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR

JUICE OF 1 LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

Assures normal regularity for most people. And it's good for you! *Over 8,000,000 now take lemons for health.*

This simple health drink, lemon and water, in most cases makes harsh laxatives unnecessary.

If you are like most people, you'll find that lemon and water, *taken first thing on arising,* will insure prompt, normal elimination day after day. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

A healthful habit... Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (citrin) and supply valuable amounts of B. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

Try this morning health drink ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water *first thing when you get up.*

P. S. Some prefer juice of one lemon in a half glass water with ½ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER ...first thing on arising

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Say Goodbye to that Corn!

How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

Wouldn't you like to say goodbye to that corn? Then stop home-paring! For "whittling" gets only the *top,* usually leaves the hard core behind. Instead—remove that corn, *with the core*—with medicated Blue-Jay!

Here's how Blue-Jay works: first, the soft felt pad gives you instant relief from pressure pain! Then, the Blue-Jay medication gently softens, loosens the corn so it can be easily removed—*with its hard, imbedded core.*

Get Blue-Jay at any drug counter and try it today!

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company

"Presto! Kitchen Magic out of a jar of Peter Pan peanut butter!"

Peter Pan Frosting. Cream ¼ cup margarine, add ⅓ cup Peter Pan Peanut Butter and ½ teaspoon salt. Blend thoroughly. Add 2¼ cups sifted confectioner's sugar and ⅓ cup strong cold coffee, alternately, a little at a time. Cream after each addition till smooth. Makes frosting for 2 layers.

Peter Pan Waffles. Sift together 1¾ cups sifted flour, ¾ tsp. salt, 3 tsps. baking powder, 3 tblsps. sugar. Add 1½ cups milk beaten with 2 eggs. Blend well. Add ⅓ cup Peter Pan Peanut Butter and ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine. Mix well. Makes 8 waffles.

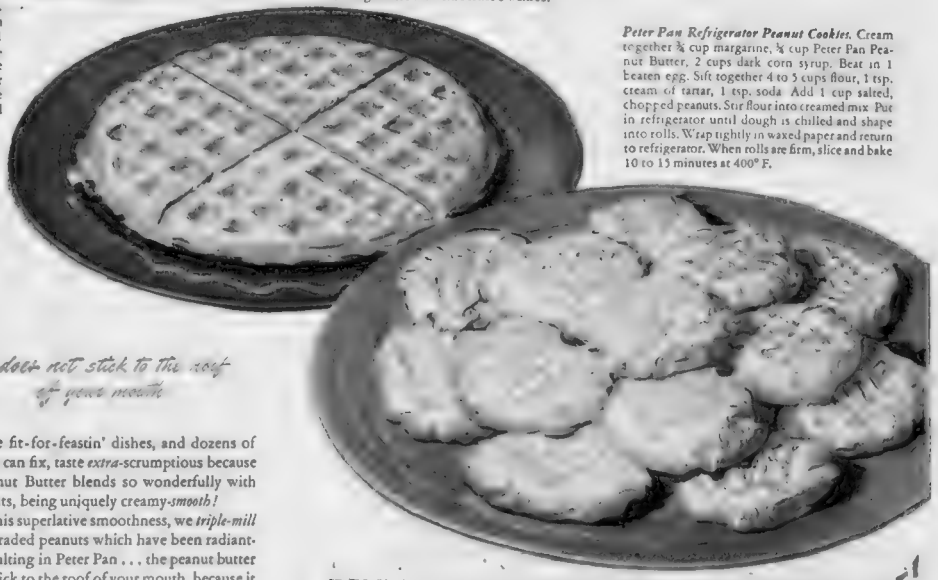
Peter Pan Salad Dressing. Beat ⅓ cup of creamy-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter into 1 cup of your favorite mayonnaise or salad dressing. Serve with pear, apple, orange or other fruit salad. You'll like that extra touch of delightful Peter Pan flavor.

Peter Pan Refrigerator Peanut Cookies. Cream together ¾ cup margarine, ¾ cup Peter Pan Peanut Butter, 2 cups dark corn syrup. Beat in 1 beaten egg. Sift together 4 to 5 cups flour, 1 tsp. cream of tartar, 1 tsp. soda. Add 1 cup salted, chopped peanuts. Stir flour into creamed mix. Put in refrigerator until dough is chilled and shape into rolls. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and return to refrigerator. When rolls are firm, slice and bake 10 to 15 minutes at 400° F.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Food fights for Freedom!

Produce and conserve it—
Share and play square with it!



It does not stick to the roof of your mouth

These fit-for-feastin' dishes, and dozens of others that you can fix, taste *extra*-scrumptious because Peter Pan Peanut Butter blends so wonderfully with other ingredients, being uniquely creamy-*smooth!*

To achieve this superlative smoothness, we *triple-mill* Government-graded peanuts which have been radiant-roasted . . . resulting in Peter Pan . . . the peanut butter that does not stick to the roof of your mouth, because it melts *in* your mouth . . . the peanut butter that's never gummy or tacky . . . that never develops a "head" of separated oil. Peter Pan is *always* fresh and delicious!

On toast, bread or muffins, eat Peter Pan Peanut Butter for its rich, nutty flavor . . . for its body-building proteins . . . for important amounts of such vitamins as Thiamin and Niacin. You'll relish every morsel!

DERBY FOODS, Inc.

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FOR 75 YEARS MAKERS OF FAMOUS
READY TO SERVE DERBY MEAT SPECIALTIES

Fun-to-fix Recipes! **FREE!**

Mail this coupon today!

Derby Foods, Inc., Dept. AW-24
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Please send FREE copy of "Peter Pan Peanut Butter in your Daily Diet"—a book of choice recipes.

Name

P. O. Address

*City*_____ *State*

NOT A WARTIME STOP-GAP!

NOT A SUBSTITUTE!

NO CHANGE OF ANY KIND!

You bet I'm happy . . . and *healthy*, too! 'Cause Red Heart Dog Biscuits are the same fine quality food my owner has always fed!

Grand-tasting and rich in nourishing goodness, they're real health and pep promoters. Gnawing on 'em is swell for the teeth, which is mighty important, yes sir.

For *your* dog's sake, step right up to your grocer and say, "Red Heart Dog Biscuits, please." They come *bearishaped* or *bibbled*—in handy 11-oz. cartons and 2-lb. bags.

RED HEART DOG BISCUITS

John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

The High Cost of Little White Lies

ALL because he had a whim to tell a couple of white lies back in 1923, and do a little bragging to his relatives, Gerhardt Wagner, Junior, of Bingham Canyon, Utah, started one of the longest legal rumpuses in the history of jurisprudence.

It has taken 20 years of court litigation and more than 600 letters to untangle the mess that Wagner began with the fibs he told—yarns that he concocted for no apparent reason at all.

In 1923, Wagner, who was heir to a $4,500 share in a trust fund set up by his father, sat down and penned a couple of letters to some Wisconsin kinfolks, the first in 15 years.

In one letter he said they would be surprised to know that he was married and the father of an 8-year-old son who was in a Colorado school. Then he went on to describe a flash flood that had drowned eight men at Bingham Canyon, and told of his plans to soon visit the relatives. Wagner died before he ever made the trip.

Fred M. Evans, a Wisconsin attorney, drew the assignment to find the "son" in order that the $4,500 fund could be turned over to the boy.

Evans began by writing to Bingham Canyon. None of Wagner's friends had ever heard of his having a son—much less ever being married. Then the attorney wrote more than 600 letters in an effort to locate the boy, any record of his death, or any record of his school attendance.

Other letters were sent to county clerks in all the western states to see if there was any record of his marriage. Not a scrap of information was turned up. Evans even journeyed the 3,000 miles to Bingham Canyon and back to see if, among Wagner's friends, he could find anyone who could confirm what the dead man had written. Even the story about the flood was false.

After 20 years of litigation, a Madison, Wisconsin, court recently decided that Wagner's letters were nothing but white lies—and awarded the money to a nephew.

If you are looking forward to the coming air age, you'll really enjoy this new 32-page booklet "Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace". It is beautifully illustrated in full color and includes an interesting history of the light airplane. It pictures and describes the wartime and peacetime uses of Piper Cubs. It tells what the coming air age will mean to you. And, a large section is devoted to a clear description of the basic principles of flight.

Just send 10c for your copy to cover postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department AW24, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

16mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane." For distribution points, write: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Service, Penna. State College, State College, Penna.

PIPER Cub
POINTS THE WAY TO WINGS FOR ALL AMERICANS

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3666—All-occasion two-piecer. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅞ yard 35-inch fabric for bodice.

PATTERN 3582—Easy-to-make front button frock. Sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3667—Kiddie dress and bolero. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6, frock requires 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero ⅞ yard 39-inch fabric.

EACH PATTERN together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs to embroider on linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 65 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

CRO-PAX
METATARSAL SUPPORT
AT ALL 10c STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC., CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

More and more light for less and less money is ever the goal of General Electric lamp research. As evidence: Today's 60-watt G-E bulb gives 56% more light, costs only 1/4 as much as in 1923.

This mark on a bulb is your assurance of a lamp made to STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

GE MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Stop suffering! The instant you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops; painful pressure is lifted; quick relief is yours. These thin, soothing cushioning pads ease tight shoes; prevent corns.

Separate special *Medications* are included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing corns or callouses. No other method does all these things for you. This complete scientific relief costs but a trifle. Made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Get Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads today at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Thousands of readers of this magazine have filed the great stories which have appeared in it in their libraries where they may be re-read time and time again, just like a good book.

Anyone who has ever suffered [illegible] piles knows that the horrible burning and pain is almost enough to drive one frantic. So Sayman Salve will be welcomed by thousands who suffer now.

Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, this grand medicated ointment acts to soothe, cool and protect the tender, irritated membranes. It serves as a comforting and palliative emollient, helps to soften the hardened parts and to lubricate the dry tissue. Two sizes—25c and 60c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

YOU CAN BE BETTER THAN AVERAGE

★ America is not average—it's the finest place on earth to live and work.

★ America is not fighting for average ideas, but for the finest ideas ever dreamed of.

★ American fighters are not average—they are beating the Axis on every front.

★ It takes a more than average amount of money to win this war. No one can furnish that money except you and your neighbors, on every street in America.

★ Each of us must be a more than average citizen—buy a more than average number of War Stamps and Bonds.

★ Put aside a definite and *bigger* part of your income and BUY—regularly—beginning today!

This support of the 4th War Loan Drive is contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush.

The American Weekly is used by teachers in schools and colleges all over the United States.

Most Successful...
where success counts most*

*IN THE LAND OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

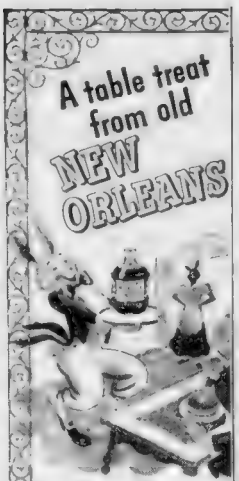
ONE of this season's most successful models, and a promising young actress, Miss Helen Mueller, says: "What a wonderful cue Dr. Lyon's has been for me! On the stage—where success so often hinges on a radiant and sparkling smile, Dr. Lyon's brings out all the natural lustre and brilliance of my teeth. I give Dr. Lyon's a 'rave notice' every time I look in my mirror!"

For a performance that can't be excelled in the care of the teeth—glamorous stars in the Land of Beautiful Women rely on Dr. Lyon's. And millions have followed the example of these—whose smiles are cherished assets! Why? Because Dr. Lyon's lifts the filmy curtain that dims the charm of a lovely smile—

DR. LYON'S
year after year... America's 1ST choice

turns the spotlight on the glistening clear-white radiance nature intended your teeth to show. And Dr. Lyon's goes about it *quickly—thoroughly—beautifully!*

ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT POWDER



...Brer Rabbit

GOLD LABEL

Molasses

The luscious old-plantation flavor of Louisiana sugar cane, sweet and mild for table use. That's what you get in Brer Rabbit *Gold Label* Molasses.

This highest quality, fancy, light-colored New Orleans molasses is a delicious treat on pancakes and waffles . . . on cereal . . . as a spread for bread.

Try this sweet and mild table molasses—in the Brer Rabbit bottle with the gold-colored label. Or if you wish a dark, full-flavored type, try Brer Rabbit *Green Label* Molasses, which is recommended for cooking.

A new drink! Add one tablespoonful of Brer Rabbit *Gold Label* Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk.

FREE! Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. W 206-4

Send me—free—Brer Rabbit's "Time-Saving Recipes for Modern Living," containing 116 fine recipes for using either *Gold Label* or *Green Label* Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Name_____
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Address_____

Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new de luxe Stain Polish is the finest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Giving largely for fighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The American Weekly is read from Coast to Coast.

Housewife's Food Almanack

By
MRS. HAROLD BALDWIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Here's How To Serve MEAT FOR EVERY MENU

MY FAMILY has gotten into the habit of asking when they sit down to dinner, "What do we get a half pound of tonight?" They can laugh all they like, but they enjoy their dinners just as much now as they did when meat could be gotten in abundance and without counting ration points.

I've devised these recipes which will serve four people generously and not one of them calls for more than half a pound of meat. I hope your family will enjoy them as much as mine.

Tasty Beef Pie

½ pound shin beef
4 potatoes
1 onion
Butter or margarine
2 large carrots
2 stalks of celery
1 cup totamo juice
Parsley, salt and peper

Cut the celery, leaves and all, and the onion into very small pieces and simmer gently in the butter or margarine in a frying pan for five minutes or until tender.

Have the meat cut in small pieces, dust them with the flour and add to the frying pan, letting the pieces of meat brown slightly on all sides.

Add enough water to cover the meat, add the diced carrots and potatoes, the parsley and the salt and pepper to taste. Then pour in the tomato juice. Stir well so the liquid is thoroughly blended and cover the pan with a tight lid. Cook over a very low flame for one hour.

When finished, divide the meat and vegetable mixture into four portions in four individual pie plates, cover with pie crust, perforate with a fork and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is done.

We like these served with cole slaw and sweet pickles, with a chocolate pudding for dessert.

* * *

Meat Cake Delight

Combine ½ pound of round steak, ground once, with ½ cup of milk, ¼ teaspoon of nutmeg, and salt, pepper and parsley as desired. Mix them well. Form into four large or six medium patties and broil in the oven under a low flame. When light brown turn over, dust with a sprinkling of salt and broil the other side. It takes about twenty minutes and you have juicy, flavorful meat cakes. Serve with mashed potatoes, fresh whole string beans and lettuce salad.

* * *

Pork Chop Surprise

4 pork chops
2 cups cooked rice
1 small stalk celery
1 can of tomato soup
½ can of milk
Salt, pepper, drippings

Melt drippings and add diced celery and onion and the pork chops which have been cut in small pieces. Simmer slowly until the pork chops are brown. Add the can of tomato soup and simmer again until the pork chops are tender and well done. Either a half can of milk or water may be used to dilute the tomato soup. The milk makes it creamy.

Pour this over the cooked rice and serve at once with spinach and little white onions in cream sauce, and very tasty, too.

* * *

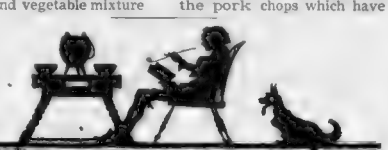
Chicken Pickin's a la King

1 cup diced left-over chicken
1 onion
1½ tablespoons of flour
4 hard-boiled eggs
1 stalk of celery
Butter or margarine
3 cups of milk
Salt, pepper, paprika

Put the butter or margarine in a frying pan over a very low flame and add the celery and the onion which have been chopped. Cook several minutes but do not let it brown.

Blend the flour with the milk and add to the celery and onion. Stir well. Add the chicken and the seasonings, stir again and lastly add the sliced hard-boiled eggs.

Serve at once on hot toast with baked potatoes.



SMOTHERED CAULIFLOWER

MRS. PAULINE HEES, Buffalo, New York, writes that when serving smothered cauliflower prepared according to her recipe, your family will be as enthusiastic about it as hers was the first time they tried it.

Cook a head of cauliflower (do not break it up) until it is tender, season with salt, put head up in baking dish. Pour over it two cups of thickened tomatoes. Add one grated onion, 2 tablespoons of butter (or substitute), ¾ cup bread crumbs and cover with thin layer of grated cheese. Bake until the cheese is melted and the bread crumbs are browned in a moderate oven.

(Mrs. Hees: We prepared your dish according to your directions for a group of young housekeepers. The result was an attractive and delicious dish.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In 1804 Horace Linneraigh, English Botanist, Served London Friends with Pomatoes, a Cross Between Tomatoes and Potatoes Which He Had Grown. They Didn't Like the New Vegetable.

STUFFED BEETS

"FOR DELICIOUS hors d'oeuvres, or for a tasty addition to a salad plate, try stuffed beets." Writes Mrs. W. C. Debo, Burnet, Texas.

"Cook rather large size beets thoroughly. Remove from fire, chill in refrigerator. Peel and hallow out the centers. Stuff with filling made of three parts of whipped cream, 1 part horseradish, dash salt and pepper. Chill and serve cold."

(Mrs. Debo, we asked a group of experienced housekeepers to sample this dish for us. They all agreed that your Stuffed Beets are "different."—Mary Lee Swann.)

APPLE RAG ROLL

"SEVERAL years ago," writes Mrs. Walter Grothusen, Davenport, Iowa, "I was invited to have dinner with some friends who live on a large farm. The tables were loaded with delicious food, and when it came time for the dessert our hostess brought in two large dripping pans of 'Apple Rag Roll.' I hope you'll like it too.

"Make a syrup by boiling slowly for a few minutes 2 cups of water and 1½ cups of sugar, while you slice and chop six medium sized tart apples. Make a dough of the following ingredients:

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 level teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
3 heaping tablsp'ns butter
1 egg
½ cup milk

"Sift and mix the dry ingredients together, then cut in the butter, and add lightly beaten eggs and milk.

"Pat dough to one-half inch thickness on lightly floured board. Spread sliced apples on top of dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon (like you would for a pie). The amount of sugar used depends upon the tartness and kind of apple used. Then roll up mixture, cut off in slices. Set sliced in cooled syrup mixture in a shallow baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned and dough springs back from touch."

(Mrs. Grothusen: We are very grateful for your generosity in sharing this very fine old-fashioned dessert with us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In Ancient Corinth Little Boys Were Permitted to Eat with Their Parents. Girls, However, Were Barred from the Parental Meals Until They Were Married.

FISH SOUP

"FOR a fine soup that is inexpensive and delicious and requires no precious ration points try this recipe," writes Mrs. Mary C. Stormer, Washington, Illinois.

"Get three or four pounds of white fish and cut it into small pieces. Place it in a soup kettle and add two quarts of water, one leek, sliced, two stalks of celery, diced, one small bay leaf, three sprigs of parsley and salt and pepper to suit.

"Cover and simmer for two hours, gently, strain and cool. This can be thickened with flour and margarine, creamed together, and cream added to form a cream soup."

(Mrs. Stormer, your savory fish recipe will please many of our readers who feel that a good Wintertime dinner should begin with soup.—Mary Lee Swann.)

NEXT SUNDAY—"LOW POINT DINNER" WINNERS

THE JUDGES have made their final selections and in the next issue of the Almanack, in addition to the list of prize winners, the three complete point-saving dinners which won the $250 War Bond First Prize, the $100 War Bond Second Prize and the $50 War Bond Third Prize will be published.

Be sure to read this page next Sunday. You will want to prepare these dinners in your own home—to balance your "points" and food budget, too. And remember that your own original recipe may win $10 if you send it in and it is published on this page. Address THE ALMANACK, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

"Ever see a cleanser do such a fine, quick job?"

Ask any woman who uses Bon Ami. She'll tell you how speedy and thorough it is. How it whisks away dirt and grease in a jiffy. But that's not all! Bon Ami doesn't dull or scratch sinks and bathtubs—making them harder and harder to clean. Instead, it leaves a lovely, smooth, high-polished surface!

Bon Ami
polishes as it cleans

"hasn't scratched yet!"

"NAZI-JAP ERASER" LABELS HELP SAVE FAT

SEND for some of these patriotic labels today. Paste them on the tin cans in which you save fat. When full, turn a pound can over to your butcher and receive "brown points" as well as pennies. The labels are yours free. Just send a stamped addressed return envelope to The Almanack, Room 901, 235 East 45th Street, New York City.

When it's no use to rake it,
And impossible to shake it,
And you're ready to break it.

WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH
LIPTON'S !

WHEE-EE! IT'S SWELL TO BE POPULAR!

FOLKS SAY IT'S MY WONDERFUL, SLOW-RIPENED FLAVOR THAT MAKES ME TASTE BETTER. SEEMS I'M RICHER, MORE MELLOW, BECAUSE I'M A FINER TEA!

In packages and tea bags

"THAT'S WHY PEOPLE DRINK MORE OF LIPTON'S THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF TEA!"

Improve Your "Laundry Relations"

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"LAUNDRY trouble" between consumer and the commercial laundry has become so widespread recently as to form the butt of both cartoonist and comedian. "When will I get my laundry back?" is a question to which there is no answer, while inferior work, shrinkages and garment loss cause weekly friction between housewife and laundryman.

Services of all commercial laundries during wartime are, naturally, disrupted by serious shortage of help; add to this, that at the very period when more and more families are desirous of availing themselves of laundry facilities, especially in war factory areas, additional new laundry machinery is unobtainable; gas and tire restrictions, too, limit former pick-ups and deliveries. Hence the "problem!"

Nevertheless the housewife can help herself and her laundryman even in such a small matter as preparing her bundle to send out. Here is how:

Empty All Pockets

Before putting articles into the bag, turn pockets inside out.

Nothing is more foolish or expensive than to use a pillow slip or sheet as the outside "wrapper" of your laundry bundle. The seams of a pillow slip were never made to stand such heavy strains. Purchase from your laundry a stout specially-made laundry bag; or make it, or buy it of heavy drill, such as that used in a sailor's duffel bag.

Pack Carefully

If you want to save time and labor for the laundryman when he comes to sort and check over your soiled clothes, pack the bag carefully. The less time spent in sorting means quicker, more efficient work.

Have Laundry Ready

Laundries are now limited by government demand to one pick-up and one delivery per week. This means your laundry must be ready when man calls or you will have to take it yourself to the laundry or wait a week. Find out the exact date on which he is scheduled to make pick-ups in your particular zone. Then be sure and have your bundle ready.

Make a Legible List

You should make a clear, legible laundry list both for your own protection and that of the laundryman. Write clearly, using carbon paper to make a duplicate list; typed lists are best. Then, if you believe any article lost, list is proof.

Use Name Tapes

It is still a matter of discussion whether owner's name should be inked on each article; there is a special form of name tape which can be easily written upon and pressed onto the hem, for better identification. However, on blouses, women's garments, where so much confusion and loss seem to occur, or on shirts, the best method is to sew a woven name tape onto selvage.

Will It Launder?

Don't blame the laundry if your bargain luncheon cloth comes back like a worn dishrag or if the charming dotted curtains are returned without the dots! In buying read the label and be sure of the washability of all textiles before sending to laundry.

Timely Menus

MONDAY

Breakfast
Orange Juice, Hot Cereal, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon
Watercress Soup, Fish and Noodles, Carrot Curls, Cheese Muffins, Cocoa.

Dinner
Beefsteak and Kidney Pie, Potato Crust, Crisp Parsley, Carrots, Baked Parsnips, Tomato Salad, Fruit Jelly, Rolls, Coffee.

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Apple Juice, Cereal, Syrup, Broiled Fish, Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon
Vegetable Soup, Bean Loaf, Watercress Salad, Crisp Rye Toast, Tea or Cocoa.

Dinner
Cranberry Juice, Roast Pork with Roasted Apples, Potatoes, Creamed Onions, Green Pepper Salad, Mocha Custard, Coffee.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit, Griddle Cakes, Sausage, Syrup, Coffee.

Luncheon
Pork Curried on Toast, Green Salad, Muffins, Tea.

Dinner
Tomato Soup, Broiled Chops, Scalloped Sour Beets, Molded Salad, Apple Pie, Rolls, Coffee.

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Oranges, Hot Cereal, Fried Scrapple, Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon
Onion Soup, Fish & Noodles, Pickled Beets, Green Salad, Tea.

Dinner
Roast Stuffed Chicken, Potato Puff, Baked Broccoli, Fruit Salad, Custard Pie, Rolls, Coffee.

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Apple Juice, Hot Cereal, Omelet, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon
Chicken Salad, Raw Carrots, Rolls, Apple Pie, Tea.

Dinner
Carrot Soup, Mexican Beans, Brown Bread, Green Salad, Apple Dumpling, Cheese Rolls, Coffee.

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Orange Juice, Cereal, Buckwheat Cakes, Coffee.

Luncheon
Tomato Salad, Cheese Souffle, Relish, Celery, Rye Crackers, Tea.

Dinner
Corn Soup, Baked Stuffed Spare-Ribs, Parsnip, Lemon Pie, Coffee.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit Juice, Hot Cereal, Honey, Bacon, Eggs, Toast, Coffee.

Dinner
Clear Soup with Avocado, Roast Beef, Batter Pudding, Roasted Potatoes, Creamed Onions, Green Salad, Rolls, Coffee, Blancmange.

Supper
Corn Waffles with Syrup, Green Fruit Salad, Tea or Milk.

by Betty Crocker

SET YOUR MAN UP to this big-hearted dinner and watch him purr!

Chicken Fricassee with Bisquick Dumplings
Carrot Straws Spinach
Parsleyed Potatoes
Crisp Cabbage Salad Hot Rolls
Home-Canned Raspberry Sauce
Cup Cakes Beverage

• • •

● **CHICKEN FRICASSEE with dumplings:** Almost cover cut-up chicken with boiling water. Add

2 sprigs Herbs (parsley or marjoram)
Tops from 3 or 4 Celery Stalks
1 slice each Carrot and Onion

Bring to boiling, then reduce heat. Simmer gently until tender (1½ to 3 hours). Add

2 tsp. Salt
⅛ tsp. Pepper

after first hour of cooking. Keep covered (add more water, if necessary). When chicken is done, cook dumplings. See Bisquick package.

• • •

● ***JUST ADD MILK to Bisquick . . . for dumplings. Also biscuits, meat pie crust. Simple as that! And results? Wonderful! Bisquick is calamity-proof. Tested regularly by my staff.***

• • •

● **YES, SHORTENING** in Bisquick! Six ingredients: Vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk.

• • •

For a plus flavor **in making dumplings, add curry** powder **(1 to 1½ tsp.), or celery seed (1 tsp.), or poultry seasoning (½ tsp.), to 2 cups Bisquick.**

• • •

MEN LOVE WAFFLES, hot biscuits, muffins, cobblers, etc. "Man fare," and so easy with Bisquick. Almost twice as easy as old horse 'n buggy way. Directions on package for ten basic bakings. Try them all!

• • •

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept 595, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

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THEY DISCOVERED THIS COLDS' RELIEF—

for coughing and muscular aches of colds. Yes, thousands of mothers everywhere have discovered Penetro—a salve with modern medication in a base containing the same kind of old fashioned mutton suet grandma used. Inside, medicated vapors soothe cold-congested breathing passages. Outside, acts as a warming plaster at spot where rubbed on. Penetro is white, stainless, pleasant to use. 25c, double supply 35c. Relieve these colds' miseries with two way action. Always demand Penetro.

No faster aspirin relief. Get St. Joseph Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10c.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

FOR SQUEAKY HINGES
Ever-Ready Oil 10¢

FOTO QUIZ

with stars of the Shipstad-Johnson

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1944"

1 Here's Norah McCarthy, Canadian star, performing a basic skating figure called a

☐ *full gainer* ☐ *spread eagle* ☐ *half Nelson*

2 Heinie Brock, No. 1 ice comic, is ridin' for a fall on those oversized skates. He is wearing

☐ *hockey skates* ☐ *figure skates* ☐ *racing skates*

3 Hazel Franklin, featured acrobatic skater, takes off in a spectacular jump called a

☐ *broad jump* ☐ *stag leap* ☐ *flying Dutchman*

4 Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson do their stuff. How fast can a figure skater travel?

☐ *10 miles per hour* ☐ *20 miles per hour* ☐ *30 miles per hour*

5 Here's the right combination to give *you* a fast start tomorrow morning. It's Cream of Wheat with

☐ *honey* ☐ *molasses* ☐ *maple syrup*

GIVE YOUR GROCER A BREAK
Shop early in the week!

Check Answers Here:

1 SPREAD EAGLE. This stunt was invented 172 years ago—and it's still good. Another old favorite that's still going strong is delicious, satin-smooth Cream of Wheat. For over 48 years it's been the one breakfast cereal the whole family loves. Now more popular than ever—it's non-rationed and—costs less than one cent a serving.

2 RACING SKATES. Those 18-inch blades are hard to manage, often get skaters excited and jittery. When wartime jitters get *you* down, switch to "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat. Supplies Vitamin B_1 to help steady your nerves and promote good appetite.

3 STAG LEAP. You need tremendous energy to do this trick successfully. Help keep your energy up to par with a steaming bowlful of "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat. Rich in the energy-giving nourishment of good wheat, it also provides lots of iron to help make rich red blood, plus calcium and phosphorus to help make strong bones and teeth.

4 30 MILES PER HOUR. This surprising speed delights "Ice Follies" audiences at every performance. Speed also makes a hit with busy women who serve "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat for a quick start these winter mornings. Cooks to full digestibility, even for babies, in only 5 minutes. Doctors call it "Baby's best first solid food."

5 MOLASSES. Pour that tangy-sweet molasses over piping hot bowlfuls of Cream of Wheat—and watch the family take a brand new interest in breakfast. Raisins, dates, jams and jellies also team up perfectly with this tempting cereal. Try them all, using either "Enriched 5 Minute" or "Regular" Cream of Wheat.

CREAM OF WHEAT

The Great American Family Cereal

"ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"

The Graveyard Where Tombstones Are *Human*

Under the Pressure of Battle the Bolivian Officers Ordered Their Dead Soldiers Buried With One Foot Sticking Out of the Grave So That Identification Numbers Could Be Painted on the Shoe Soles.

IN the current global war, military cemeteries with their neat, white crosses are scattered all over the world, some of them in strange places. Sometimes they are crude affairs, but the most amazing martial graveyard in the world was established in Bolivia a few years ago.

Set up by the Bolivian army in the South American jungles of the Gran Chaco, at the height of the fierce boundary war between Bolivia and Paraguay, it spread for miles throughout the bush country.

Bullets—and fever—were wiping out the Bolivian troops by the thousands and the army's officers were faced with keeping an accurate record of their casualties.

While each soldier did not have an identification disc of metal, each man did have a number. Since, at the height of battle, there was no time to make an accurate record of these numbers, some harassed officer hit on a smart, if gruesome, idea.

He would have the dead soldiers buried with their boots on and one foot sticking above ground. On the sole of this protruding boot, would be painted the identification number of the dead man.

To the wives and mothers of the fallen men, burial without church rites was unthinkable. So this queer, but nevertheless practical, method of interring the men temporarily in the field was to insure recovery of the right bodies for later Christian burial.

As the long-drawn-out conflict—it began in 1932 and lasted nearly a decade—slowed down from time to time, Bolivian soldiers would dig up their buried comrades and send them home to their villages for formal funerals.

The strange burial ground in the wilds of the Gran Chaco presented a flesh-chilling spectacle, especially when the yellow light of the jungle moon cast its glow on the thousands of protruding human gravestones.

Jittery and superstitious guards had to be transferred to less eerie surroundings because they imagined that some of the feet twisted and turned in protest against their queer method of burial.

The Bolivia - Paraguay war, which led to the creation of the world's weirdest graveyard, was the outgrowth of a difference of opinion regarding the treaty of 1810 which separated the Spanish colonies in South America from Spain.

Intermittent fighting had been going on for a half century before the big battles started in 1932. A boundary settlement ended the war in 1938.

So far as is known this is the first time soldiers ever were buried in such a fashion on the battlefield.

George Washington threw a dollar clear across the Potomac, but your dollar in War Bonds hits targets as far away as Tokio and Berlin.

"What! Me help the Nazis?"

YES... WHEN YOU WASTE FOOD

Remember, "Food Fights for Freedom"—but wasted food fights *against* freedom. So help to cut America's 20% food waste. *Save Food!*

Much food is wasted simply through improper food protection. And that's why Cut-Rite Waxed Paper is so vital in the nation's food saving campaign. Cut-Rite saves leftover foods—to make additional, nourishing meals. Cut-Rite protects vegetables—guards freshness and food value. Cut-Rite helps keep all foods wholesome, sanitary. Get Cut-Rite at your grocer's in the blue and white carton.

Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey

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Climbing Tomato
SAVE GARDEN SPACE

Enormous Fruits, perfect in form. Thick, solid and delicious flavor. Weigh from 2 to 3 lbs. each. Attain a height of 12 to 15 feet. Bears large quantities of very delicious fruits. Fine for slicing or for salads.

Yd. Long Beans

An excellent variety and a very interesting curiosity. Vines are rampant growers. Produce an enormous crop of long slender round pods, 24 to 4 ft. long, that are of excellent quality for snap beans. Are of very fine flavor.

Vine Peach

Ripe fruit in 80 days. Resemble oranges, color, shape and size. Grow on vines like melons. Beautiful, tempting appearance when canned. Make delicious preserves, sweet pickles. Fine for pies or jelly. Easy to grow.

New Climbing Cucumber

Vines climb readily on fences, poles, etc. saving valuable space in small gardens. One hill will keep a good-sized family supplied all summer. Bear early and continue to produce fruit throughout the season. One plant will bear from forty to fifty fruits. Delicious flavor. To introduce our catalog of rare and unusual seeds we will mail all 4 Pkts. for only 10c and 2c Postage.

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PRESS-ON MENDING TAPE
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TIRED? Run-down? Catch cold easily? Perhaps you lack vitamins. See if Kent Vitamins won't help build you up—bring back your sparkle and pep. So potent a single capsule supplies minimum daily requirement of A, B_1, D. *Cost only a penny a day!* America's greatest vitamin bargain. If grocer can't supply, mail coupon below—today!

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Kent VITAMINS A B D

Just a Mirage

by Bernard Dougall

"THERE I am in North Africa, looking at the desert sunset for the umpty-umth time. We don't have sunsets like that in Youngstown, but somehow it always makes me homesick.

"I get to thinking about the folks on the front porch—Dad waiting for me to finish the sports page, Mom needling Sis into making a fresh pitcher of lemonade. And just for a second I'm back there again, wishing I had a date most likely, and wondering what's buzzin' at the Bijou. Then all of a sudden—wham!—I look up and there's this WAC walking towards me with a funny little shy kind of smile on her face. First I think 'Nuts, it's just a mirage.' But I cop another gander and she's *still* walking towards me. I'm numb. I'm so numb I can't even move. I just sit there, and her smile turns into a grin, and she's so blamed pretty and everything that I nearly miss what she holds out to me.

"Believe it or not, it's a package of Chesterfields. An American girl with a back-home smile is giving me my back-home cigarette! Well, all in a rush I blurt out, 'What are you doing so far from home?' And she says, 'The same thing these cigarettes are, soldier. Trying to help along.' Then she tells me what her name is, but that isn't important because once old Schikelgruber and Tojo are taken care of I'll be changing her name anyway."

They Satisfy

NOT A SLOGAN BUT A FACT

Every good story has a point, and the point to every story about Chesterfield is that THEY SATISFY. That's not a slogan . . . but a fact. The fact is that Chesterfield's *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos gives you a *Milder Smoke*, a *Cooler Smoke*, and a smoke that's far *Better-Tasting*. Make your next pack Chesterfield and see how *really good* a cigarette can be.

For a Milder Better Taste **It's Chesterfield**

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